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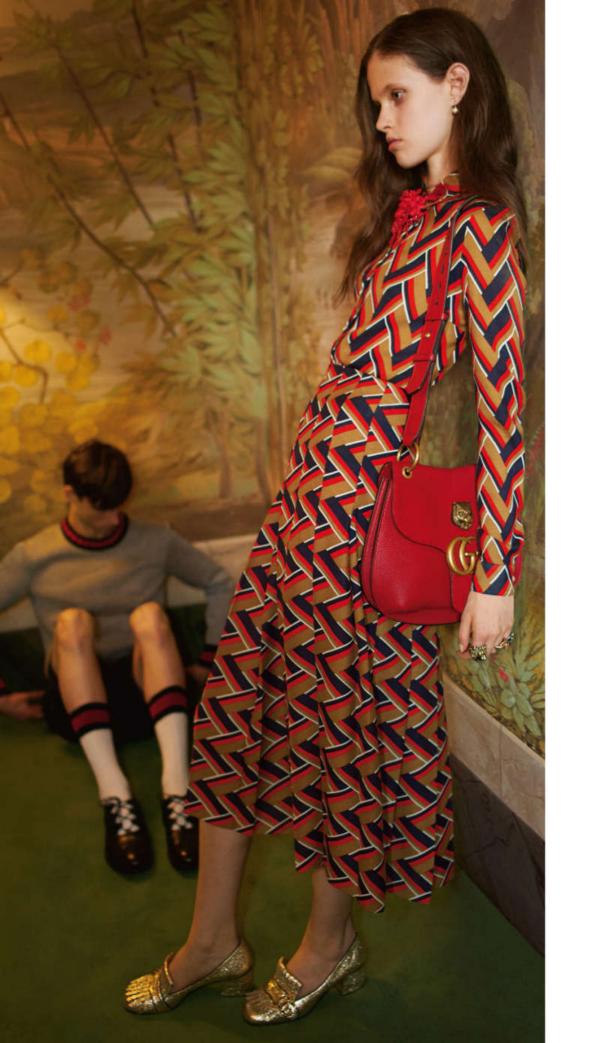
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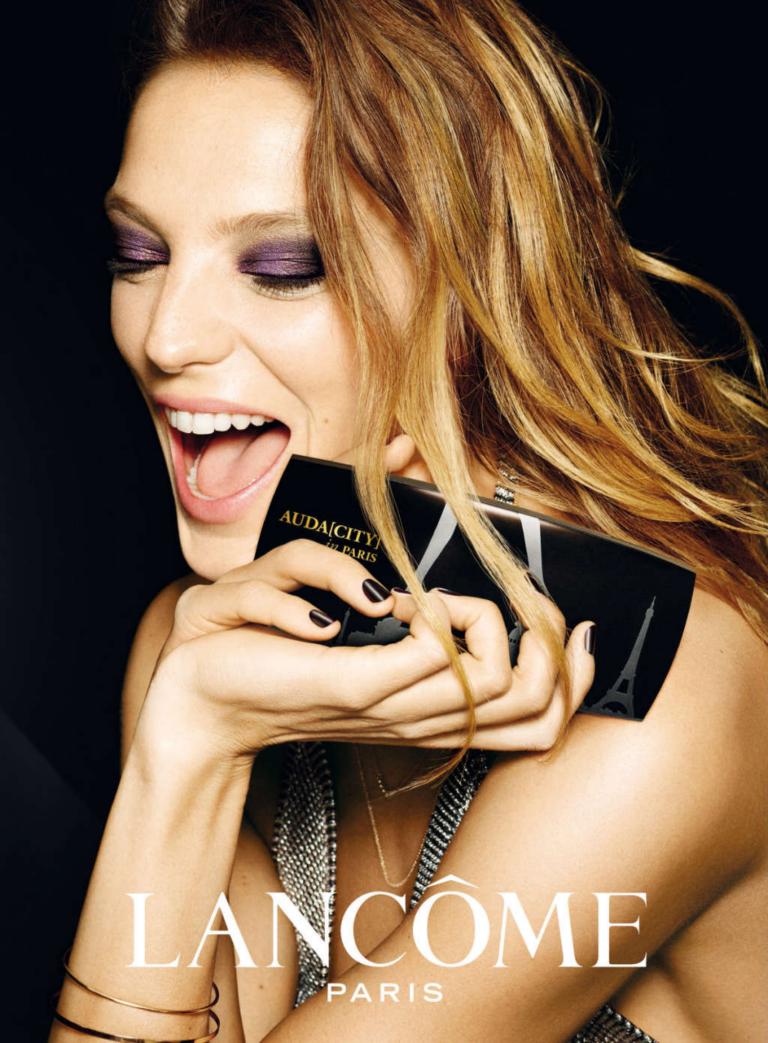
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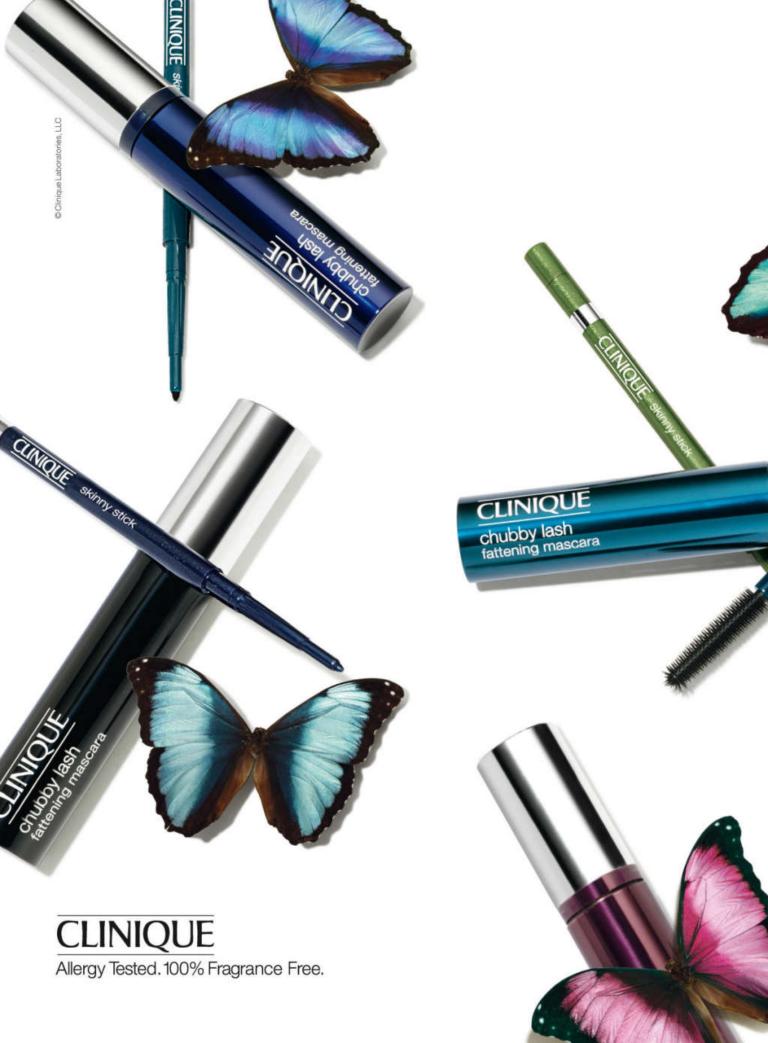
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Dressed to the NINETIES

SHORE LEAVE, P. 189

MODEL KARLIE KLOSS (IN CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION) AND DYLAN BROSNAN (IN A J. MUESER SUIT). PHOTOGRAPHED BY MIKAEL JANSSON.

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DAVID YURMAN













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Hold on to HATS

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EMILY RATAJKOWSKI WEARS A FENDI DRESS.



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New York Paris London Milan Shanghai Los Angeles

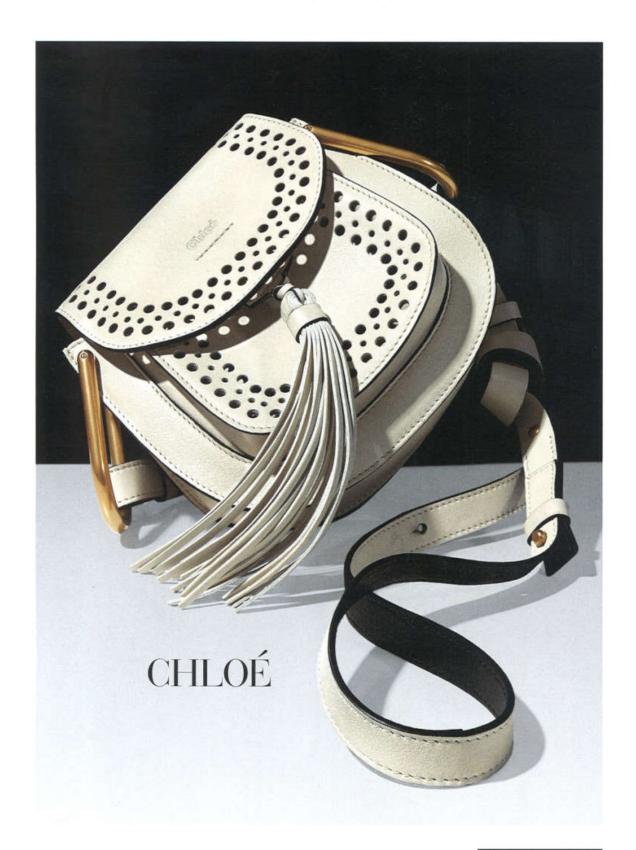
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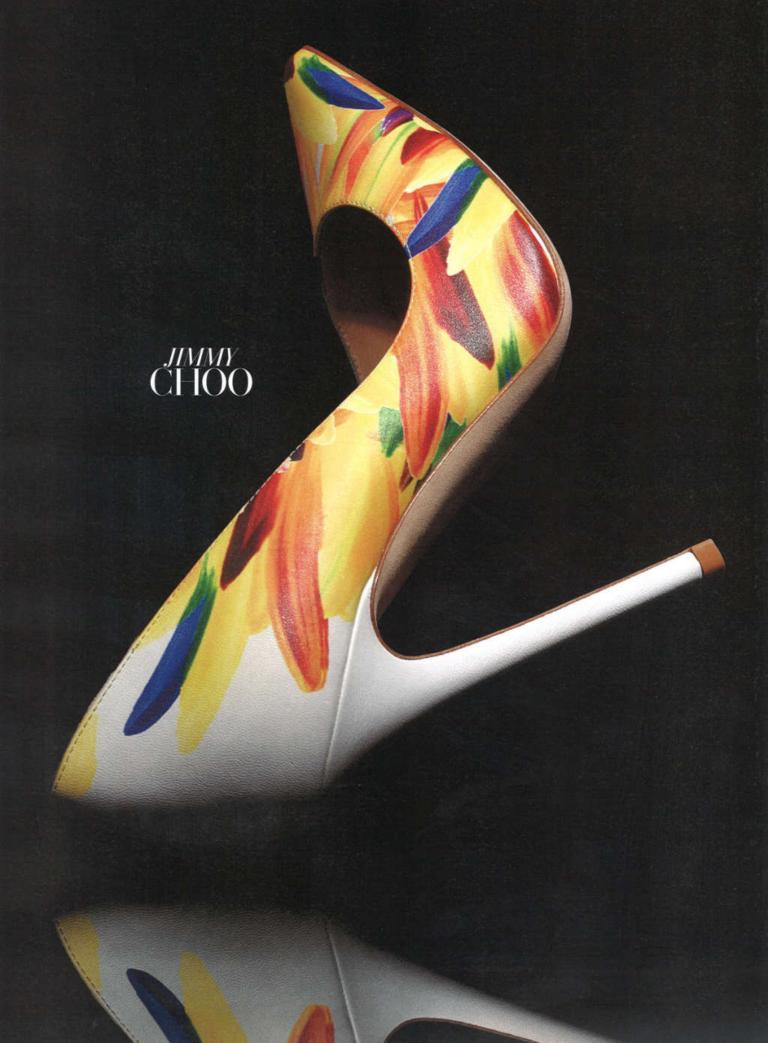
































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La Vie VERTE

INTO THE WILD, P. 224

LUIS LAPLACE'S HOME IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PASCAL CHEVALLIER.

200 WHAT TO WEAR WHERE

The boldly colored, texture-rich, highly adorned dressing of the resort collections—featuring everything from sequins and stripes to grommets and leather—lets you play mix and match from day to night

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REBEL WITH A CAUSE Angelina Jolie Pitt is calling the shots as actress, mother, philanthropist, and auteur. This month she directs herself and Brad Pitt in their first on-screen outing since *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*. By Elizabeth Rubin

218 ONE DIRECTION

From Jane Eyre to True Detective to a tale of child soldiers in Africa, Cary Fukunaga's ambitious, immersive projects make him one of our most exciting filmmakers. John Powers reports

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TRAGIC MAGIC

Keira Knightley makes her Broadway debut in the Roundabout's torrid new *Thérèse Raquin*. By Adam Green

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For Paris-based architect Luis Laplace and his partner, Christophe Comoy, a rambling summer estate in southern France is a place of bold contrasts and simple exuberance. Chloe Malle pays a visit

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THE SECOND ACT
The best chefs know
that an improvised
next-day meal is when
inspiration can strike.
Oliver Strand sings the
praises of leftovers

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BURN NOTICE
Between bleaching
and hot-tool habits
designed to straighten,
de-frizz, and obliterate
natural texture, your
hair may be long
overdue for a damage
detox. By Maya Singer

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Mia Wasikowska lends her eccentric elegance to the season's most beautiful scary movie

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In transitional weather, the right hat—as
Emily Ratajkowski ably demonstrates—can keep you both warm and extra-cool

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for evenings out on the
town and in the club

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cover look STRONG LIKE THE SEA



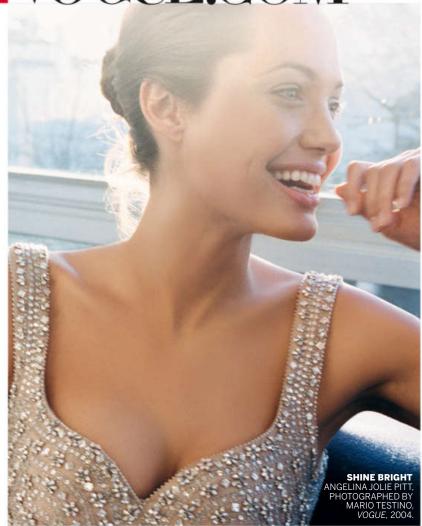
Angelina Jolie Pitt wears a Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane sweater. To get this look, try: Double Wear All-Day Glow BB Moisture Makeup, Bronze Goddess Powder Bronzer, **Brow Now Brow Defining** Pencil in Brunette, Pure Color Envy Sculpting EyeShadow Palette in Rebel Metal, Little Black Liner, Sumptuous Extreme Waterproof Mascara, Pure Color Envy Sculpting Lipstick in Potent. All by Estée Lauder. Hair, Adam Campbell; makeup, Toni G for MAC Cosmetics. Details, see In This Issue.

Photographer: Annie Leibovitz. Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.

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Blue JEAN BABY

If the resort collections showed us anything, it's that the anonymous skinny jean has been pushed aside in favor of a multitude of denim options that can both anchor and elevate your look. Whether it's a classic dark denim pant, a frayed jacket, an embroidered dress, or a statement jumpsuit, something sexy, versatile, playful, and dependable is offered this seasonbasically, everything you want from good jeans.



Angelina JOLIE PITT

The Oscar winner has an elegant, unflappable style that reflects the life she leads as mother, director, actress, and activist. When it comes to daytime dressing, she often opts for classic tailored suiting, but it's on the red carpet that she steals the show. There she's all about no-holds-barred Old Hollywood glamour. Go to Vogue.com to see our slideshow of her sartorial hits.

CAVIAR DREAMSPHOTOGRAPHED BY GRANT CORNETT, VOGUE.COM, 2014.



_{the} Ultimate Holiday Gift Guide

It's that time of year again! And as usual, we've pulled together a list of what we think are utterly perfect presents for everyone you love.

RATAJKOWSKI: COURTESY OF EMILY

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VOGUE.COM

Over the past twelve years, the CFDA/Vogue Fashion Fund has awarded more than \$4 million to over 30 design companies, including Alexander Wang, Altuzarra, Proenza Schouler, and most recently Paul Andrew. Ten finalists are in the midst of competing for the coveted 2015 prize. They've participated in special design and marketing challenges, staged a runway show at the Chateau Marmont in West Hollywood, and, of course, shared their stories and inspirations with us along the way. Follow the contest and visit Vogue .com on November 2 to find out who'll take home the big prize.





A reggae resurgence is under way in Jamaica—and the island is at the top of our list of travel destinations this winter. Vogue.com discovers Kingston's flurry of vibrant new reggae venues, visits the Geejam Hotel and state-of-the-art recording studio in Port Antonio, and plans your whirlwind tour.

Resort RULES

With more than 250 labels showing "pre-spring" collections, participating in this mini-season is now practically de rigueur for designers. Go to Vogue.com to get the scoop on everything you need to know before the clothes are in stores.



CHANEL

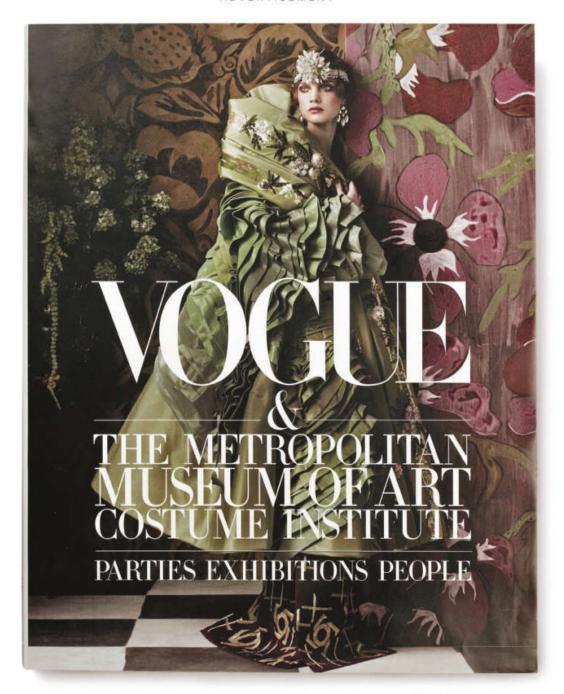


N°5









The Metropolitan Museum of Art's annual Costume Institute exhibition and gala are among the fashion world's most spectacular events.

Now Vogue takes you inside, with in-depth stories and stunning photographs.

By Hamish Bowles

Foreword by Thomas P. Campbell
Introduction by Anna Wintour
Support for this book provided by Saks Fifth Avenue

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ONE PALETTE, ENDLESS SMOKY LOOKS

letter from the **editor**

The Real DEAL

s we were finishing this issue, we were also busy with the New York spring 2016 collections my congratulations to Peter Copping at Oscar de la Renta and to Jack McCollough and Lazaro Hernandez of Proenza Schouler, who treated us to absolutely wonderful shows. What united the best clothes that we saw during the week—what Vogue's editors and I kept coming back to again and again—was their authenticity, their realness. Perhaps it's the world we live in today, but the ability to connect with the realities of how we want to dress for life now has become more urgent than ever. Escapist fantasy has its place in fashion, of course, but currently it feels just a little out of step with the times. In New York, those few designers with soaring imaginations who pushed creativity and believability stood out, and how.

Serendipitously, authenticity and realness inform much of the fashion in this issue, and nowhere is that more evident than in the story devoted to all of the chic and comfortable weekend dressing for fall, starring Karlie Kloss and Dylan Brosnan, the handsome son of actor Pierce Brosnan ("Shore Leave," page 189). Style Director Camilla Nickerson took the long and lean shearlings, cashmeres, and knits, and lay-

ered them into a look that's redolent of the grunge moment in the nineties. I'm not normally a fan of that kind of decadeism, and grunge was never my thing, but Camilla's instincts were right: There's a freshness and naturalism to these images that not only evoke the period that inspired it (as you can see in a story we shot with Linda Evangelista and Kyle MacLachlan in 1993) but live and breathe in the here and now. The story also allowed us to show an unfiltered Karlie—to see her as the simply gorgeous young woman she is rather than the Instagram-era glamazon we have become more familiar with. Incidentally, Dylan's presence in the story reminded me of the time I met his father, on the first anniversary of 9/11. We were literally the only two people in EDITOR'S LETTER>95



COUPLES RETREAT
ABOVE: KARLIE
KLOSS, IN A
MAISON MARGIELA
COAT, WITH
DYLAN BROSNAN,
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MIKAEL JANSSON.
RIGHT: LINDA
EVANGELISTA AND
KYLE MACLACHLAN,
PHOTOGRAPHED
BY STEVEN MEISEL,
VOGUE, 1993.





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letter from the editor



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 the departure lounge at JFK, both of us waiting to board the Concorde to London. We were the only two passengers on the plane as well, and I remember thinking that should anything happen, at least I had James Bond on the flight with me!

November also allows us the opportunity to introduce a new generation of talents to you, each of whom in their own way embodies the qualities that so captivated us at our favorite New York shows. The young photographer Theo Wenner shot model Emily Ratajkowski in some of the season's hats ("Hot Head," page 248). Theo's work is ador-

DRIVE ON

THEN-SENATOR HILLARY CLINTON, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, VOGUE, 2003

able, rich in charm and humor but with an unstudied casualness that feels very current. He can do that trickiest of things, which is to





C'EST JOLIE

FT: ANGELINA JOLIE PITT, IN A BOTTEGA VENETA SKIRT, WITH HER DAUGHTER, VIVIENNE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ. ABOVE: EMILY RATAJKOWSKI IN A PUBLIC SCHOOL CAP AND STELLA McCARTNEY JACKET, PHOTOGRAPHED BY THEO WENNER

bring a picture to life with the simple click of the shutter, something very different from the overmanipulated and rather soulless digital images that have become all too commonplace. Equally lively and engaging are this year's finalists for the CFDA/Vogue Fashion Fund ("New Wave," page 238). They are an independent group who, more than any year before them, are informed by the street, by social media, and by the way that the rule book on gender identity is being rewritten. Thus far, it has made for a spirited competition. We announce the three winners in New York on November 2.

September wasn't just about the New York shows, however. I left Proenza Schouler to watch the second Republican debate, and . . . well, frankly, what a thoroughly dismal and dispiriting affair it was. I have never made any secret of my political leanings, but it seems to me that this is one of the most peculiar and unsettling moments in presidential politics we have ever experienced—with an outrageous, fantastical cast of characters you couldn't invent if you hired the best screenwriters in Hollywood. Given that the world seems to have gone insane, I keep thinking to myself: Why shouldn't Hillary Clinton—the smartest, most competent and compassionate person in the room—be our next president?

Lastly, our cover star Angelina Jolie Pitt, who, like former Secretary of State Clinton, is always her own woman ("Rebel with a Cause," page 208). Angelina has been enormously brave and honest in her proactive battle against cancer—and in her commitment to the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees by raising funds and awareness. She has also just taken a professional leap of faith by writing and directing a movie starring herself and husband Brad Pitt. Angelina is a maverick, but those who are authentic and real usually are.

-malitar.

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OSS OF KIDMAN'S VOGUE.COM VIDEO

Nicole Kidman on your August issue is like sunshine to a blooming rose. She is one of the very few actresses who deserve a VOGUE cover.

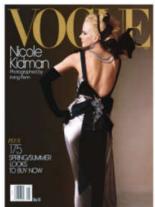
J. SHAWN COMPTON, GRUNDY, VA

SHE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HERSELF #SHAME @ vleskovic SHE LOOKS FINE YOU BUNCH OF WEIRDOS @ michelliewelli

♥ 59.2k

EYE of the BEHOLDER

The August issue found *Vogue* cover–veteran Nicole Kidman at a moment of professional and personal equilibrium ("A World Apart," by Jason Gay, photographed by Peter Lindbergh). Adoring praise from her fans filled our inbox, but reaction across the Internet fixated on the Patrick Demarchelier cover, reigniting the always contentious debate over photo-editing. Did Kidman look natural? Marc Jacobs, who designed the actress's sequined look, proudly posted the cover on Instagram and took on the chorus of naysayers with characteristic brio: "When were you last given a cover of *Vogue*?"





When I saw the picture of Nicole Kidman on the cover of the August issue, I had to buy it. I respect Kidman, not only as an actress but also as a person. She shines in whatever she does. Her affection for gardening and jam-making is just one more reason to admire her—and I am so happy that she has found true love in a healthy and happy marriage.

SIDNEY KIMBROUGHLY MCWHORTER, HESPERIA, CA

I wish we could realize that beauty has no expiration date and stop the Photoshopping.

CARRIE LICATA, CHESTERFIELD, MO



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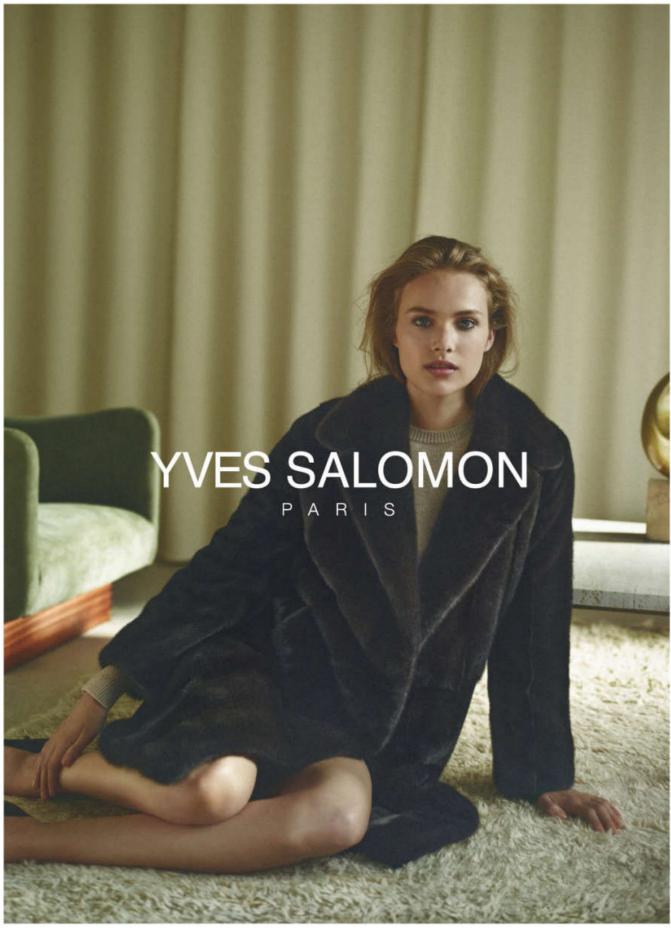








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BLACKGLAMA

randi's editorial and social-media manager Hayley Bloomingdale

posted her witty list of directives on Vogue.com, "The Instagram Rules: The Good, the Bad, and the Very Boring," our comments section erupted with salutes ("Nailed it") and snipes ("This is like a Mean Girls diatribe"). Was Bloomingdale's acerbic tone ("Are you a member of the Kardashian family? No? Then please don't engage in the use of a selfie stick") condescending or just what our overheated Instagram-mad moment needed? Among her words of advice: Never post a #TBT before 9:00 A.M., don't go over three 'grams a day, and never post a cat. It was all too much for Vogue .com user steviewilson: "Who made you the god of Instagram?"





Comeback

For the August issue, Vogue's Creative Director, Grace Coddington, styled model Maggie Rizer in day looks for fall ("Let's Misbehave," photographed by Inez and Vinoodh). This was the first major editorial portfolio since 2002 for the redheaded supermodel and former VOGUE cover girl—and her return was met with applause all around. "Maggie Rizer looks exquisite. Please feature her more in future issues," wrote Nan Nugent from Scottsville, New York. "yay Maggie Rizer. A 90s renaissance I can get behind," tweeted @ sdpowell1. With a nineties hub kicking off the digital launch of Vogue Runway. maybe the decade's moment is here to stay.

LETTERS>108

3LUSHING BRIDE: COURTESY OF MAGGIE RIZEF



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#AmericanPharoah made the COVER

Leaks around photo shoots happen—but we were taken aback (and amused) when ESPN, USA Today, and other outlets circulated a rumor in June that we were photographing American Pharoah for a VOGUE cover. True, we'd commissioned Steven Klein to capture the Triple Crown champion for the August issue—a story that delighted many racing fans ("Horse Power," by Robert Sullivan). Later, we took to Instagram to give the champion the cover treatment he no doubt deserves.

NOW THAT'S A SUPERMODEL. @ bethdixsonphoto

Looking at "Box Set" [photographed by Bruce Weber, August], I was struck by the racial messaging in a piece supposedly about an accessory trend. Although this was certainly unintentional, you ended up photographing groups of white and black schoolboys quite differently. The white schoolboys look sweet, sleeping or giving the model an apple, while the black schoolboys of the Miami-Dade/Broward Super Peewee League are photographed in aggressive poses. I would hope that an influential magazine like VOGUE would think twice before promoting stereotypes that contribute to a culture of inequality. Black schoolboys are sweet, too. AMELIA BROWN, NEW YORK, NY



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CLASS ACTS

TWO IMAGES FROM "BOX SET; PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRUCE WEBER AT CARROLLTON SCHOOL OF THE SACRED HEART IN MIAMI



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MIA Wasikowska

"I'm a big fan of fashion and always feel privileged to wear these clothes. At home in Sydney, I hardly have situations that warrant it."

THE STEAL OF THE MONTH SUBJECT ON DRESSING UP (PAGE 236)

Theo WENNER

"With every outfit and hat Emily put on, she became a slightly different person with new mannerisms. When she put on the glasses and beret, she turned all of a sudden into a clumsy nerd."

THE PHOTOGRAPHER ON WORKING WITH RATAJKOWSKI FOR "HOT HEAD," PAGE 248





JILL Demling

"Even though Angelina wrote, directed, and stars in *By the Sea,* it's clear that her role as a mother takes top billing."

VOGUE'S ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR ON JOLIE PITT ("REBEL WITH A CAUSE," PAGE 208)

CONTRIBUTORS>116





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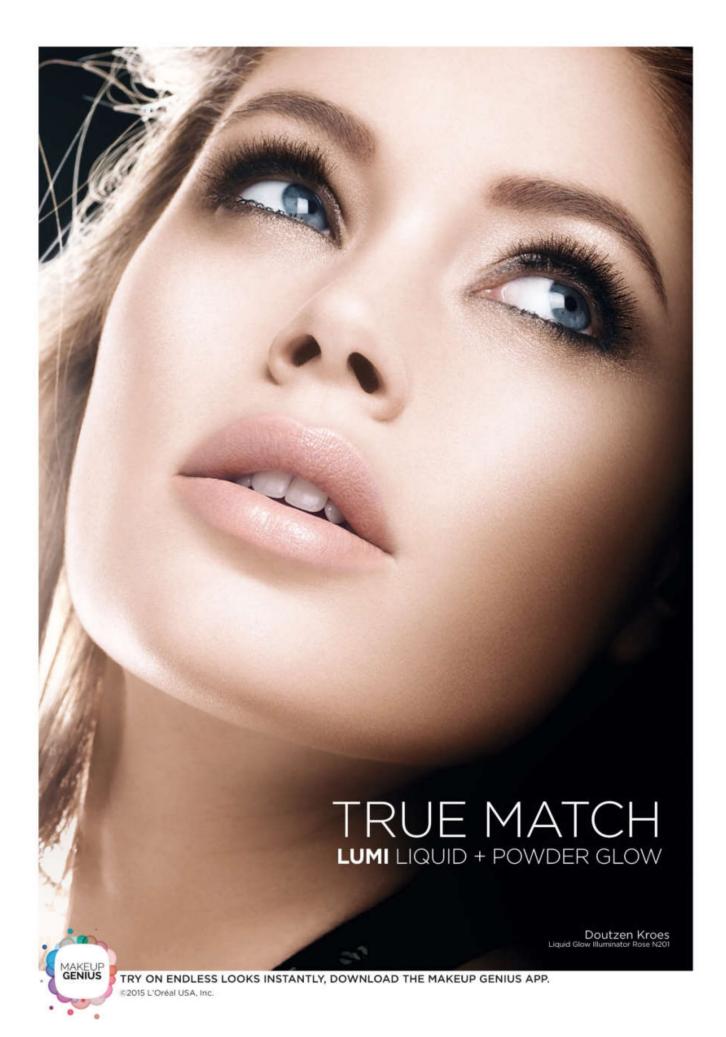
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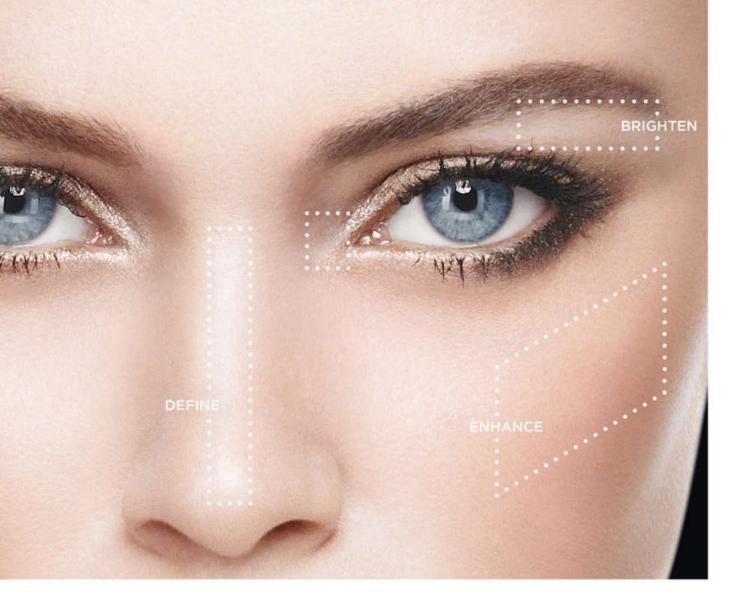
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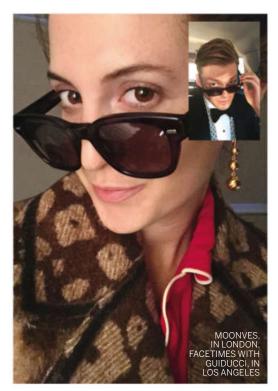
contributors

LUIS LAPLACE and CHRISTOPHE COMOY

"We try to make our intervention as invisible as possible. The key is to protect the soul of an old house, not to replace it."

THE HOMEOWNERS OF THE FRENCH COUNTRY ESTATE IN "INTO THE WILD," PAGE 224





MARK Guiducci

"Shooting in the throes of New York Fashion Week is never boring. On Sunday, Kendall Jenner wrapped with us at 3:30 P.M. and walked DVF at 4:00 P.M. That girl knows how to work."

SARA Moonves

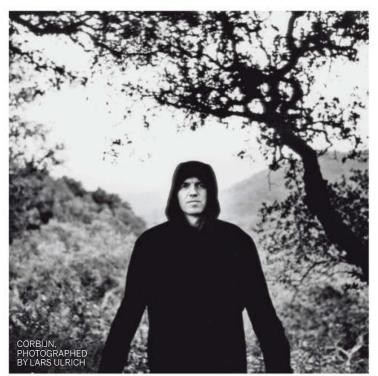
"Each picture needed a different sound track to get everyone in the right mood. For Gypsy Sport we were listening to Kanye West and Young Thug, for Chromat we danced to Beyoncé, and for Thaddeus O'Neil it was the Beach Boys."

VOGUE'S ARTS EDITOR (INSET) AND CONTRIBUTING EDITOR ON "NEW WAVE." PAGE 238

Anton CORBIJN

t's the uniqueness in individuals that sparks Anton Corbijn's interest. The Dutch artist, who cut his teeth as a music photographer shooting the likes of U2 before building a career encompassing film direction, graphic design, and stage design, explains the focus of his craft simply: "I work with personalities and people whose work I like." A fan of the cultish series *True Detective* ("The cinematography, all that imagery is fantastic!"), Corbijn approached director Cary Fukunaga with a sensitive appreciation of his aesthetic. For "One Direction" (page 218), the photographer chose a location akin to those that make up the show's bleak landscape, "this sort of industrial wasteland, full of places hidden behind other places."

It's kindred spirit and photojournalist Dennis Stock who serves as the subject of Corbijn's latest film, *Life*, which follows the *Life*-magazine photographer (played by Robert Pattinson) on assignment to shoot James Dean (a brooding Dane DeHaan). "It's one of my lighter films," says Corbijn. Catch it in theaters December 4 to see the dynamic between photographer and subject brought into vivid focus through Corbijn's lens.—LILAH RAMZI



LAPLACE: SITTINGS EDITOR: HAMISH BOWLES. GROOMING, ALEXANDRA MARSON GUIDUCCI: COURTESY OF MARK GUIDUCCI. MOONVES: COURTESY OF SARA MOON

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BLACK VELVET AMERICAN PHAROAH, PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVEN KLEIN, SITTINGS EDITOR: TONNE GOODMAN.

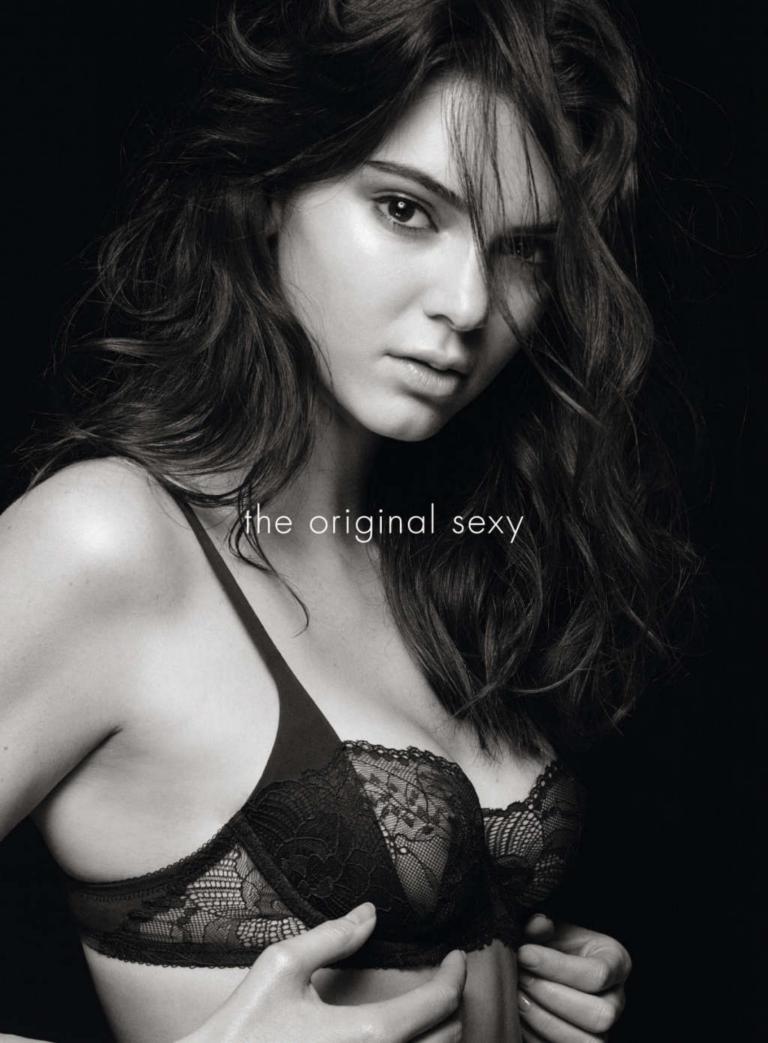
All the Pretty Horses

When her marriage fell apart, MARY GAITSKILL signed up for a few horseback-riding lessons. What followed was the birth of an unbridled passion.

learned how to ride horses when I was 56. This was totally unexpected. At the time I lived right next to a stable in upstate New York; that is to say, horse country. But I never felt the strong attraction that some girls have for horses; I never felt any attraction at all. On the contrary I found their faces and body language—unlike those of cats or dogs—completely unreadable, which made their size, power, and beauty flat-out unnerving. I understood their glamour as well as the ranking and competition that went with it—but for me the whole point of an animal companion was not glamour; I wanted to be soft and cuddly with a pet.

I could see no way to cuddle with something as enormous and hard-bodied as a horse, and the idea of sitting atop a 1,000-pound creature without that gentle channel of communication—that was not my idea of fun. It was not my idea of fun at 56 either. Yet there I was, atop a huge muscular creature with whom I was very uncomfortable and who didn't seem very happy with me either.

This unexpected thing happened because I had become passionately taken with the idea that I must write a book about a disadvantaged young girl who learns to ride against great odds. Unexpected, too, was the timing of this idea: My marriage had broken up, and my sister's UP FRONT>124







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up front Riding High

marriage had also broken up right as she was becoming terribly ill. My sixteen-year-old goddaughter had become pregnant with a 32-year-old man's child. My unhappiness during this time was intercut with hope that took the form of sudden surges of feeling and imagery that would come into my head with the force of waking dreams: almost fully realized scenes of the girl and the horse, complete with dialogue. These mental images would arrive when I was in an airport worrying about a delayed flight or driving to the store or preparing to teach a class. They were often so emotionally loaded that my hair would stand up on my arms: I couldn't tell if I was losing my mind or having a transfiguring inspiration.

In an attempt to find out, I showed up at the stable next door, which was run by a working-class mother-daughter team—Catherine, in her mid-80s, and Nancy, in her mid-50s. Both of them were big and rough in appearance, with broad, sun-reddened faces and sharp, candid blue eyes; both were funny and plainspoken. I stood before them with my hair up, wearing silky summer clothes and pink high heels. Nancy looked me up and down and said, "You remind me of, what's her name, Eva? The one trying to be a farmer in *Green Acres*?" I thought: Maybe just a few lessons, two or four or six. Just enough to get a feel for it.

Except I couldn't. I was still reflexively looking for that soft "cuddle" connection, which, completely apart from the horses, was not part of Catherine's or Nancy's vocabulary. While grooming a horse before saddling her, I would be trying to find the mare's sweet spot, the place she would like being brushed. "Don't bother with that," Nancy would say curtly. "She doesn't care about that; she's saying, 'Let's get to work.'" Nancy and Catherine both emphasized the need to be strong with the animals, to be "in control." However, they also said that you could not fake anything with horses, that they would see it instantly. Which put me in a difficult position, as I did not feel qualified to be "in control"; if it wasn't possible to at least pretend otherwise, that left me feeling pretty powerless.

This was not a feeling I was used to. Although I hated gym class and team sports when I was a child, from my 20s on I'd found ways to be physical: martial arts, dancing, bike riding, long walks, and weights at the gym. At 56 I was relatively fit and strong—but that didn't seem to matter as soon as I got on a horse, where I had to coordinate my legs and hands (and therefore my brain) in a way that was completely unfamiliar to me. It's one thing to press a weight with your inner thigh. It's a whole other thing to press against a live creature, to convey intention with your inner thigh, and to do it compellingly when the creature has a foreign and unpredictable mind of its own.

very time I went to the stable for a lesson, or even just to groom horses or clean stalls (I was also helping out on a volunteer basis), I felt weak, scared, and hopelessly inept, humiliatingly so in comparison with the confident young women who also rode there. (I remember one incident in particular when I was grooming a beautiful Icelandic gelding named Rocki; he began pawing and rearing on the crossties, and while I cowered against the wall—ready to cry out "Nancy!"—a passing teenager stopped, put her hands on her hips, and shouted at him, "Stand like a gentleman!" And he

did.) Catherine, who knew that I taught writing on a college level, would try to coach me by saying things like "Treat the horses like you treat your students—don't put up with any shit!" This was of no help: My confidence and authority with students—my confidence and authority, period—come primarily from written and spoken language. It was not an authority that impressed the horses one bit—or, it seemed, Nancy and Catherine, who were, I suspect, secretly mystified that such a strange, timid person could get through life at all, let alone excel in a challenging field.

I had a particularly discouraging experience with a gelding named Midnight, a lovely Tennessee walker. Because of his even disposition, Nancy wanted me to ride him; he was boarded at the stable by a woman who never came to see him, but as he wasn't Nancy's horse, she didn't typically use him for lessons. She thought he would like me because I might remind him of a "little blonde girl" who used to ride him, a girl he had become fond of. But it didn't work that

It's one thing to press a weight with your inner thigh. It's a whole other thing to press against a live creature that has a mind of its own

way. I had been riding a pony named Queen, and in comparison, Midnight was very tall and narrow-bodied, which felt precarious to me. His stride was longer and his gait much stronger; the first time he went into a running walk, I was startled and pulled on his mouth too hard, which made him toss his head and jog restively, which scared me. I couldn't get him to do much of anything for the entire lesson, and I never wanted to ride him again.

The feeling, it seemed, was mutual. Some time after this lesson, I was leading Midnight out to the paddock to graze and he shoved me with his head, not hard enough to knock me down but hard enough to make me stumble. Later, on a different day, as I was leading him back into his stall, he bolted in past me so fast that he knocked me into the wall. Damn it, I thought, even the nice horse here is pushing me around. Meanwhile, some months in, I was still not using my hands right and was still so tense that I tended to contract and hunch instead of fully extending my legs to push my heels into the stirrups, which is necessary for grounding. I remained nervous and uncomfortable in the saddle, which made any horse I sat on nervous and uncomfortable too.

I decided to try another stable, and it was there that I had my first breakthrough. Sort of. It happened on a cold day in early winter when I saw an elegant young girl student trotting around the arena bareback. I asked the trainer if I could try it, just to see what it felt like. She was surprised, but she agreed. I got on the horse with nothing but a saddle pad between me and him—and he felt wonderful, warm and so alive that my legs, all up and down, came alive in reply. It was like a wild, intense form of cuddling, so astonishingly great that for a minute I forgot to be nervous. After we had walked around the arena a few times, the trainer asked if I wanted to go back to the saddle, and I said, "No, let's stay with UP FRONT>126

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up front Riding High

this." And I did stay with it, even when the horse unexpectedly broke into a trot (probably I unwittingly signaled him to do so) and it took me several long seconds to stop him. "Great work!" said the trainer.

That was the "breakthrough." Next came the "sort of." Because I had stayed on the horse even at a trot. I decided I would learn to trot bareback: I made it to the second lesson before I fell off. I wasn't thrown off, I just fell. When I realized I was going to fall, I tried to do an "emergency dismount" and so was not badly injured—just a cut chin and a pulled muscle in my back. Still, the fall made my fear return in a nauseat-

I liked caring for the horses: brushing them, rubbing them, scratching them on their sweet spots

ing rush, and I refused to get back on. For the next few days I felt like I'd been hit by a truck, and the pulled muscle took a long time to heal. I tried to remember the wonderful feeling of the horse on my legs, but all I could think was: If I keep this up, I am going to break my dumb ass. I went back to grooming and cleaning at Nancy's place—no riding.

It was a defeat, but it was also freeing. I was teaching and writing, and physical labor at the barn was a welcome antidote to the mental labor, as well as to the emotional rawness I felt about everything that was going wrong. As long as I didn't have to ride them, I liked caring for the horses: brushing them, rubbing them, scratching them on their sweet spots. After a few months, when I was working alone with Catherine, I overheard her on the phone talking to a woman who boarded her horse there: "I'm almost done; Mary's here helping me . . . yeah, that's the writer. No, no, they don't give her any trouble. She's got this real quiet way with them, and they just go with her. No, even Cool Cat doesn't give her trouble." It was then that I regained the confidence to start riding again.

Then came the second breakthrough, no "sort of." I was on Queen when, without trying, I felt her on both my legs. By that I don't mean that I felt her body; it was more that I felt her being. It was a quick flash, but it was delicious, gentle and round, not in its physical dimensions but in its essence. Nancy quietly said, "The mare's eyes just got soft," and I felt my body fully extended, heels down in the stirrups.

Yet another kind of breakthrough followed. Catherine had told me that her son (Nancy's brother) was dying and that it was possible that one day I might come to the barn to find that they weren't there. She told me that in that event, they had someone who would feed and water the horses, that I should just take care of the animals I was responsible for. A few days later, that is what happened. I did my job while the horses all looked at me anxiously, wondering, I suppose, where their main ladies were. Queen's was the last stall I cleaned. Right next to her was Midnight. Normally, he would ignore me while I cleaned, but that day he stood stock still, staring at me fixedly, sometimes even turning his head so he could look at me with one eye and then the other. Clearly, he was trying to tell me something, so I went around to the other side of the barn to look into his stall. It was absolutely filthy. His mute face said "Help me" so plainly it was as if he had spoken the words.

I didn't speak out loud. But I thought at him: I would like to help, but I'm afraid of you. You shoved me with your head and then you knocked me against the wall. He continued to stare at me, and again I understood as plainly as if he'd spoken: I'm not going to hurt you. I need help. Please help.

And so I went into his stall and cleaned it. It is generally a much better idea to take the horse out of the stall to clean, especially if it's not a horse you're comfortable with. But because I'd had problems when I'd led him, I felt better going in, at least after I put some hay in his bucket to get him away from the door. As soon as I entered, I realized I was safe. I cleaned one side of the stall, then gently pushed him to the other side and cleaned that. When I was done, I stood with him and stroked his UP FRONT>128



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up front Riding High

neck. His lips trembled with pleasure; I felt a flood of happiness. This was not exactly cuddling, but I never felt more connected with an animal than at that moment.

I didn't expect to ride Midnight after that. But I did start cleaning his stall and grooming him, and when I did those things, I felt a milder version of the same connection. Then one day Nancy said to me, "I have a very special request for you. You don't have to accept it, but it is a request." She paused. I listened. She said, "Midnight really, really wants you to ride him." I looked at the horse. He looked at me, inclining his head, all but batting his eyelashes. It was unbelievably sweet, and so was the ride. His stride was still very strong; even with his mild personality, his energy was more intense than Queen's. But I was more experienced and knew how to be easier on his mouth. When I dismounted and came around to his front to say "Thank you," he pressed his nose against my cheek and held it there for a long moment.

I rode only him after that, long trail rides I would take with Nancy. I also sometimes took him out to exercise him on a "lunge line," and then walked around with him letting him graze. When summer came, I bathed him. Sometimes I would just go into

his stall and put my arms around him; he would drape his head on my shoulder. I had no fear of him, even though once he got snotty during a lunging session and yanked me off my feet. Because he was a gaited horse and didn't trot under saddle, I stopped learning how to ride at a trot. I didn't care, I didn't want to ride anyone but him.

fter about a year I accepted a two-semester position as a "visiting writer" a four hours' drive away; a furnished house came with the job, and so I put all my stuff in storage, put my cat in the car, and left. I found another stable near my new home and continued to take lessons there, mostly on a businesslike paint horse named Buzz. I made no emotional connection with Buzz, but he was a well-trained lesson horse and he had a wonderful smooth stride that was perfect for me. My posture became better, my inner legs stronger and more intelligent as I finally learned how to trot. Eventually I began cantering, and the first time I really got it, a huge smile broke out over my face. I was still scared and uncomfortable at times, but mostly I felt satisfied and exhilarated at the end of a lesson. And my book was almost done.

But I did not forget Midnight. Every month I would make the drive down to see him, to trail-ride him or just take him out to exercise and graze. At the end of the year I planned to move to New York City, which was close enough for me to come visit Midnight regularly. I fantasized about buying him. At least I thought things could be the same as they had been.

They weren't. When I went back I found out that Nancy



and Catherine had very nearly gone out of business. They'd relocated, with very few horses, in their backyard. They had only two or three boarders left. I had one more reunion with Midnight before his owner BEFORE DARK
THE AUTHOR AND
HER FAVORITE
HORSE, MIDNIGHT,
IN UPSTATE
NEW YORK.

decided she didn't want to board him with Nancy anymore. In the years I had been coming to the stable, I had not seen this woman once; Nancy said she never even came to see her horse, let alone ride him. But one day she came and took him away. And I never saw him again.

I finished my book, but I never became a good rider. I just barely learned to canter and I never really jumped. If I'd been able to keep it up with Midnight I would have kept riding. But without him I lost interest. My time with him was lovely and invaluable; I miss him as I would miss a person. I believe I have kept some of the benefits of riding, in terms of confidence and leg-awareness—but I recall Midnight and the intensity of feeling of that time much more vividly than I do the skills required to ride. Even now, in New York City on my own, I might be sitting on the subway or in a crowded restaurant when I will suddenly remember Nancy's barn early in the morning, the smells and sounds of the horses, their warmth; the feeling of Midnight's head on my shoulder, or his body under me. I remember how vulnerable and inadequate I felt to the task, and how I did it anyway. It is a melancholy feeling but it is strengthening too. I remember Nancy admonishing me to keep my heels grounded and my intention clear. And in a different way, wherever I am, I try to do exactly that. I just wish I still had Midnight to do it with. □

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PIAGET





Bewitched

As a girl in Kansas, MEGAN O'GRADY watched Vanessa Redgrave play her ninth-greatgrandmother, an accused Salem witch—a family legacy that's haunted her ever since.

was ten when I discovered that I have the blood of a witch. Enthralled, my mother and I watched the 1985 television movie *Three Sovereigns for Sarah*, which begins with my ninth-great-grandmother Sarah Towne Cloyce—played by Vanessa Redgrave at the height of her powers—confronting a panel of magistrates to clear her name and those of her older sisters, Rebecca Towne Nurse and Mary Towne Esty, who'd been hanged for witchcraft in Salem a decade before, in 1692.

It was with no small amount of pride that I embraced my heritage: I may have been the only girl in Kansas who identified more with the Wicked Witch of the West than with Dorothy. Women who spoke their truth were rare in my experience. "Pass the barbecue sauce, Meg," my father joked, cutting me off when I tried to make a case for some political issue at dinner. Authority was a man in a suit or clerical robes; women were the makers of church bulletins and fudge—good

TO TELL THE TRUTH

REDGRAVE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY IRVING PENN FOR *VOGUE* IN 1985, THE YEAR SHE STARRED AS SARAH TOWNE CLOYCE.

girls, in short. I was encouraged to pursue typing and Spanish, essential tools for my imagined future in the corporate sector.

In fact I ended up becoming not a good girl but a skeptical and secretive one, fond of closets and the woods and, later, of wandering into unfinished homes in our neighborhood, which was still rising from the cornfields. But what Sarah meant to me at that point was still pretty remote. By the 1990s, witches had lost some of their mojo. They were the most anodyne of children's costumes. They were the three camisole-wearing sisters on the TV show Charmed. Sarah's example had to do with being an outlier, one on whom nothing is lost, but it was also bound up with my sense of the dark matter in life. And there were, even in our stucco-and-strip mall suburb, things that were genuinely spooky: the neighbor's doorbell not to be rung on Halloween; the silently imploding marriages in my parents' circle.

For me, this unspoken space was soon filled by novels, the place so many children turn to learn those essentials they're protected from. I couldn't help noticing that it was the bad girls who made their mark—the Hester Prynnes and Lily Barts, fictional witches who acted on their desires and paid dearly. Years later, after I became a book critic—finally, my opinion was sought and heard—I saw a

lineage of women whose stories challenged the accepted narrative, many of them long forgotten.

All of which made me appreciate Sarah's story even more: Here in my own family was a seventeenth-century woman who took on the establishment amid an atmosphere of paranoia, storming out of church after her sister Rebecca was arrested only to be arrested herself days later. Redgrave never lets you forget how high the stakes are. When I look at this Irving Penn portrait of her taken that same year, I see not a movie star but a woman: complex, authoritative, irreducible.

Four years ago, I moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, for a fellowship, and began looking for traces of the real Sarah. Driving to Danvers, as Salem Village is now known, I visited my ninth-great-aunt Rebecca Nurse's red farmhouse, where a cheerful guide lit up when I confessed my ancestry, offering me literature on historical reenactments. NOSTALGIA>136

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the VOGUE



nostalgia Casting a Spell

Nearby, in present-day Salem, creaky animatronic Puritans bellowed condemnations in depressingly kitschy museums; souvenir stores sold witch hats. You could take courses in Wicca.

That the witch trials, among the worst misogynist atrocities in America's history—in which 20 people, mostly women, were murdered, and more than 150 others imprisoned—have endured as a "national campfire story," as Stacy Schiff wryly puts it in her in-depth new book, The Witches: Salem, 1692, has always struck me as a distancing tactic. Up close, the details—husbands testifying against wives; children against their mothers—are nearly too ghoulish to believe. Trials became a kind of public theater, with girls shricking that they'd been invisibly pinched, that they saw little yellow birds. "We must have our sport!" one of them fa-

mously cried out when challenged, which reminds me of nothing so much as a long Midwestern winter a friend and I passed with a Ouija board, pretending not to be spelling out the names of boys.

In that hysteria, Arthur Miller found a ready parable for Communist paranoia, casting Abigail Williams—in reality a traumatized eleven-year-old orphan—as Salem's femme fatale in *The Crucible*. But to my mind, the real lesson of Salem is how quickly outspoken women can become the sinister projection of a community's psyche. Substitute the *w* for a *b* and you have a contemporary witch, alive in women like the activist Sandra Fluke and the mattress-carrying Columbia graduate Emma Sulkowicz.

As my obsession began to exhaust Cambridge's supply of Puritan histories—"Watch out for black cats," my brother teased—I turned to the Salem archives, handily digitized by the University of Virginia. Their patchiness is in itself revealing: The men who recorded the trials later destroyed many of their accounts in embarrassment, leaving room for speculation. Why were Sarah and her sisters targeted? How did Sarah alone survive? I soon discovered that supernatural accusations were rooted in all-too-worldly concerns. Leading the case against the three Towne sisters was 30-year-old Ann Putnam, Sr., who had long been on the losing end of property disputes with my family. Ann had also recently lost an infant daughter and intimated that Sarah and Rebecca had something to do with it.

I also realized that Sarah was a far gutsier presence in court than her pious, appeasing sisters. "You're a grievous liar!" she shouted at one accuser. And here's where my Catholic mother would add that Sarah was innocent. No, Sarah wasn't cavorting with Satan on the parsonage lawn. What my mother really means, I suspect, is that Sarah was a good girl.



I'm not so sure. She'd been around the block a few times. She ran a tavern with her first husband (my ninth-great-grandfather), Edmund Bridges, a colorful fellow whose many brushes with the law included being caught wearing a periwig. After he died, leaving Sarah destitute with five children, she married Peter Cloyce, a widower. By 44, her age when the accusations broke out, she had improvised her way through a rather messy life.

ne afternoon that spring, my German boyfriend, Thorsten, and I drove out to Framingham, just west of Boston, where Sarah and Peter fled in early 1693, after she escaped from jail. Changing their name to Clayes, they spent the winter in hiding. By that time, the hysteria was subsiding. In a telling

reversal, a magistrate in Sarah's case gave her land for a house. And there it was, on Salem End Road: a white clapboard ruin, proof of one daughter-of-history's unlikely survival.

Do you write your own story, or do you allow others to write it for you? This, finally, was Sarah's legacy, one that took on unexpected resonance as Thorsten and I struggled to plot our next steps. I had met him a year and a half before in Berlin, sitting with friends at a table crowded with candles and wine bottles. He had large, sad eyes, and when he turned to talk to me, I wanted to duck under the table, I felt so thoroughly seen. Later, as I left the party, my hand reached out and touched his arm, startling us both.

Something about this man, a filmmaker whose life operated under very different rules than my own, cast an undeniable spell. In no time, we were spending every day together—bicycling around Berlin, sharing ideas over elaborate dinners. To say I was skeptical is an understatement: I had been married once before, passively, in the boiling-a-frog-slowly kind of way, and love seemed to me as illusive as one of Salem's little yellow birds. Besides, what future did we have? We didn't live in the same country.

And yet I jumped in: Boldly, I asked him to come to Massachusetts. It would not be easy. There would be visas to contend with, careers to realign. I would have to fight for it. But when Thorsten proposed, shortly after that trip to Sarah's house, I realized we had already chosen: not one country or another, but each other. Not long before our wedding—surrounded by German and American friends, under an old tree on the salt marshes of Massachusetts's North Shore—my mother called with a discovery: that Sarah had married Edmund in the same tiny hamlet 354 years before. The last mysteries of the past could remain hidden, I thought. It was the future we were just beginning to see. □

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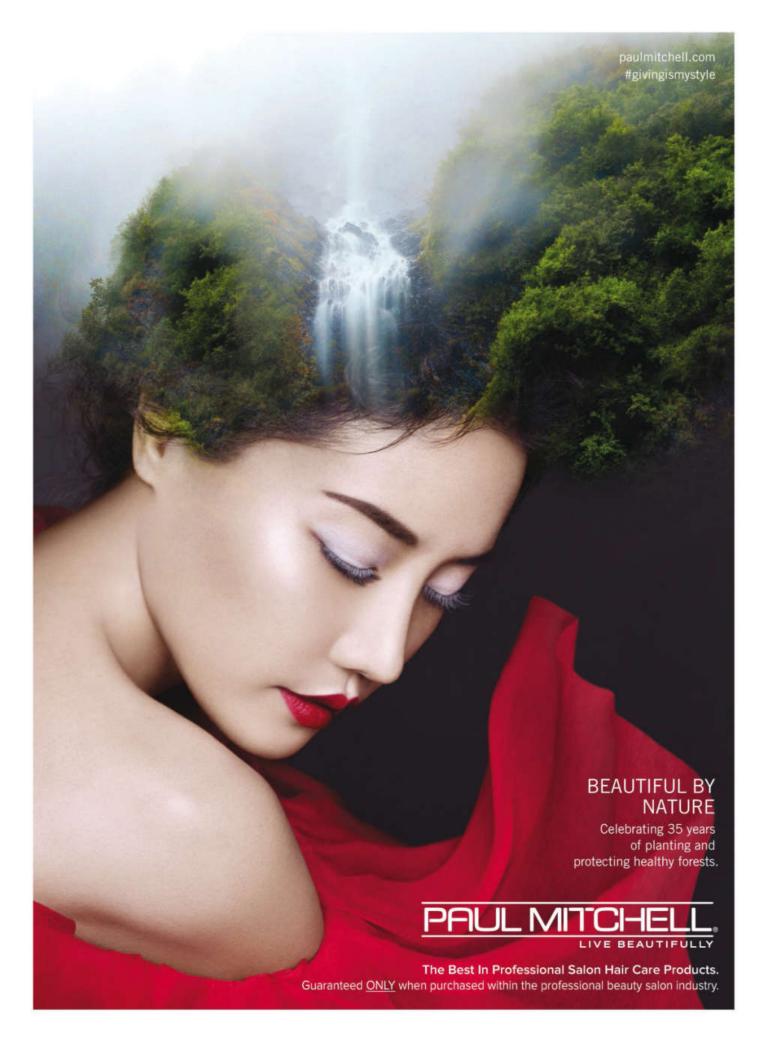
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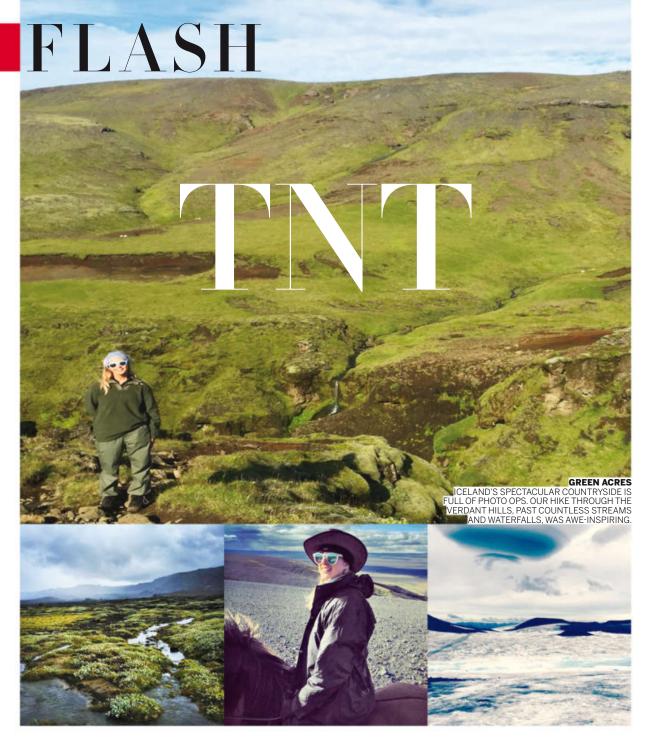




Couple
Bella Hadid
& The Weeknd

here is it written that an emerging model and a chart-topping musician who happen to have nearly anagrammatic names simply must date each other for at least one fashion season? In the case of Bella Hadid and Abel Tesfave. at least, the answer seems to be: somewhere on Diane von Furstenberg's runway. He's the sonic sorcerer known as The Weeknd, whose new album, Beauty Behind the Madness, has earned him comparisons to Michael Jackson. She is Gigi's leggy younger sister, whose look reads more femme fatale than Malibu Barbie. And on the second Sunday of September, after months of reports that the two were together, Tesfaye watched as his girlfriend Hadid walked DVF's show to the sound of his own number-one song "Can't Feel My Face," her wavy brunette mane bouncing and festooned with an orchid bloom. The scene, which was a little surreal, like a performance piece meant to illustrate the Zeitgeist, was bolstered by appearances front row at Alexander Wang and parting the Fashion Week cabal after the show—the relationship, it seems, might even last long enough to see the spring 2016 collections in stores. -MARK GUIDUCCI FLASH>140





Elisabeth TNT ventures north to chilly-yet dazzlingly green-Iceland.

owling winds, steaming geysers, and smoky eruptions—Iceland is a wildly beautiful and dramatic place. One moment we were marching through black sand and volcanic rock, a moonscape of spectacular proportion. Next we were threading along a jagged edge of rocks, just below soft meadows in all shades of green. I had visited the country twice before. This time our high-octane action-packed trip felt less holiday and more bucket-list. Why not? we thought—that is, two of my most adventurous girlfriends: Francesca, a New York City—born and —raised lawyer, and Steffi, an athletic Swiss friend who endured British boarding school with me. Mission: Surviving Iceland, here we go.

We started off strong with a nine-hour hike (fifteen miles) into the mountains. At first it felt nice and easy; the sun was out, temperatures were almost warm, and the no-fewer-thantwelve waterfalls we saw were magnificent. As the morning turned into afternoon, the path grew steeper. A sharp wind whipped our faces, and soon we were almost desperate to warm our hands in one of the little huts you find on the mountains. Sure enough, a freshly brewed drip coffee prepared by a splendidly kind woman living in one of the huts gave us strength for the endless descent. Our handsome and energetic guide **Atty** kept telling us how far we had come—we'd climbed above 1,000 meters—but seemed hardly concerned with safety precautions, as Francesca FLASH>142

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Chloe

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FLASH



INTO THE DEEP
THE TRIP HIGHLIGHT WAS DIVING IN THE CREVASSE THAT SEPARATES EUROPE
AND NORTH AMERICA—ALTHOUGH THE FROSTY WATER WAS A CHALLENGE.

(the lawyer, of course) pointed out. We watched him shoot down an icy mountain in his boots, barely turning to check on us, and we knew this was the only way. I latched arms with the girls, and we imitated Atty's expert moves, skidding behind him, hoping not to wipe out.

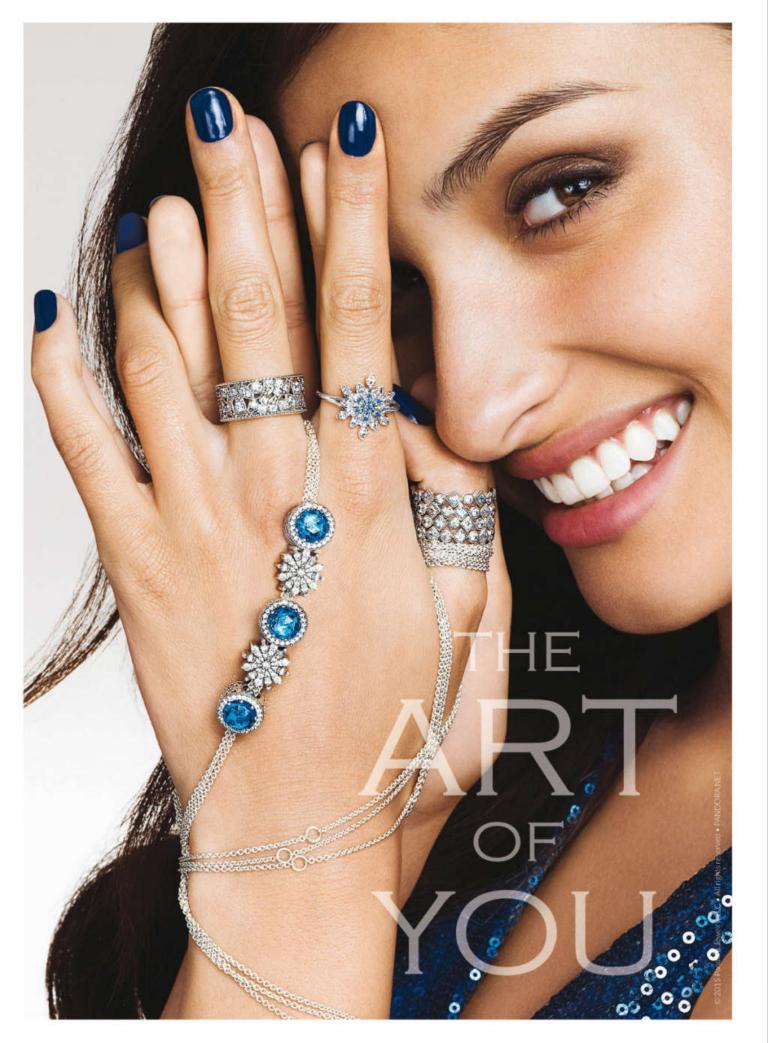
My personal highlight was our scuba dive. I loved gearing up in a dry-suit, which is practically armor. The outer layer is a thin waterproof shell, and the base layer is a cozy black boiler suit—a thick neoprene onesie with attached boots. The whole ensemble was undoubtedly unflattering, but the dazzling feeling of becoming a legit adventurer very much made up for it. Diving in freezing temperatures was unlike anything I had ever done before. And boy, it was not easy. Waddling to the water, loaded with bars of lead in my pockets and a heavy tank on my back, I was almost grateful to get wet. As we descended, the translucent blue was transfixingly bright. I nearly forgot about the cold—the water was just above freezing but soon my exposed lips went numb, and my head, though covered by a neoprene hood, began to feel wet and chilly too. Following our guide, a Scottish marine biologist and diving instructor, we passed through a crevasse that separates two tectonic plates, Europe and North America. With our gloved hands we were literally able to touch both continents. Finally the dive ended in a natural pool full of fluffy-looking palepink rocks and fluorescent yellow plankton resembling Silly String—all impossibly beautiful. By that point I was shaking with excitement, even as my suit clung so tightly to my body it felt like three pairs of Spanx were holding me together.

The last two days were spent in utter bliss on the backs of the country's most famous residents: Icelandic horses. Rain and windy skies did not matter in the slightest. If anything, the conditions added to the experience. Decked out in waterproof layers, we raced along rough winding paths on these enthusiastic and wonderful creatures. At night we camped in a rustic cabin, sharing one big bed and giggling about the day's adventures. A few bruises and very sore muscles aside, Mission: Surviving Iceland is a check!

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Reform SCHOOL

YAEL AFLALO, NEAREFORMATION'S

LOWER EAST SIDE STORE, IN PANTS BY THE BRAND, AN ELLERY TOP, AND

Insta-chic and eco-friendly, Reformation has thoroughly infiltrated Hollywood's cool-girl crowd. Cofounder Yael Aflalo tells Emily Holt the secrets to cult success.

few years ago Yael Aflalo, an entrepreneur and former model who in 2009 launched her Reformation label in the back room of a store in Los Angeles, found herself in an uncomfortable dinner-party conversation. A guest was interrogating her about fashion's impact on the environment—"not in a rude way," Aflalo recalls, "but putting the issue to me like I was on *Charlie Rose*. I was like, 'Huh?'"

Aflalo, who is now 38, hadn't given the matter much thought. She figured that since Reformation repurposed girly dresses from flea markets and vintage shops, hand-sewed them with new flourishes, and resold them in one storefront, it was already sufficiently green. Nevertheless, the naturally curious (and extraordinarily ambitious) Southern California native started reading up on both ethical manufacturing and various strategies to scale the company.

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WHITELEY







$FLASH_{ extstyle Dress Code}$

In 2012, with the money she had made from Reformation's early years, along with a side project producing private-label clothes for Urban Outfitters, Aflalo relaunched Reformation as an e-commerce business centered on a two-story factory in downtown Los Angeles and three stores, two in New York and one in L.A. In 2014 it had revenues of \$25 million and now counts Taylor Swift, Rosie Huntington-Whiteley,

Rihanna, and Emily Ratajkowski—stylish women who don't lack for designers sending them free clothes—as paying customers. "I love that their pieces are feminine but always supercool and have the perfect low-maintenance vibe," Ratajkowski says.

Next year **Karlie Kloss**, a Reformation investor, will collaborate with Aflalo on a capsule collection, cementing the label's It status. "Karlie is very fashion, but she's also very ethical and earnest," Aflalo says.

The brand's tag line—"We make killer clothes that don't kill the environment"—means that best sellers like a maxi wrap-dress (\$258) and an off-the-shoulder crop-top (\$58) are made from deadstock fabric or sustainably sourced material manufactured abroad. Online, each piece is accompanied by information on both its carbon and water footprints, and each shipment to customers includes a "RefRecycling" label that allows clients to send in clothes for repurposing. Aflalo

has even assigned a team to figure out how to lower the environmental impact of Reformation's Web site itself. "The Internet has a really crazy carbon footprint," Aflalo says.

Just as impressive as her ambition to make socially responsible and relatively fast fashion (new collections, like a recent collaboration with French street-style star **Jeanne Damas**, are released weekly) is her ability to create clothes that appeal to

such a wide variety of cool young women. Aflalo, who dropped out of both UC Berkeley and the Fashion Institute of Design and Merchandising, does this via a design process akin to crowdsourcing. Pieces from a navy sweatshirt emblazoned with the words CINDY CRAWFORD across the chest (\$118) to a skintight lace-up dress (\$118) start out as ideas brainstormed in a group session that are then whittled down by Aflalo and a handful of colleagues who poll the rest of the staff of more

than 250—mostly women in their 20s and early 30s, a.k.a. their customer—as to whether they'd buy the piece in question.

Reformation's distinctly of-the-people ethos, along with its mission to create conscientiously, isn't a mere business differentiator: It's the whole point. "The prevailing sustainable platform—'Buy less, use less'—isn't a scalable strategy," Aflalo says. "You buy clothes because you really want them. The sustainability part is for us to figure out." \square









SKAGEN



SPELL Check

PLAY WORDS WITH FRIENDS WITH PROENZA SCHOULER'S PS PINS.

roenza Schouler's Jack McCollough and Lazaro Hernandez are rolling out PS Pins, a customizable platform that literally spells out the duo's unfaltering sense of what's cool now. The Pins are metal letters and numbers that screw through a specially developed perforated leather, which will be used on classic Proenza shapes like the bucket bag, the lunch bag, and the PS1 briefcase (in small and medium sizes). Call it the new-new monogram—or the high-end hashtag. In any case, it's nothing at all like your preppy grandmother's floral-ciphered hand towels.

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VIEW Finishing Touches

"We looked at John Chamberlain sculptures and sports cars," says Hernandez of the robust typeface, designed with their longtime collaborator Alejandro Cardenas, the illustrator who also created Proenza's iconic pixelated tribal and tropical-fish motifs of yester-season. "And we made sure the font wasn't too . . . bubbly, which can get too cutesy too quick." The resulting space age—like characters, all chrome and Pantone, are the perfect complements to the bags' black, white, neon-yellow, and vermilion colorways.

Some Proenza fans have already weighed in on their word choices—assuming, that is, that they're sidestepping the traditional use of initials in favor of a personal motto,

an idea the boys fully condone. ("We're not monogram-y kinds of guys," Hernandez says). Model Julia Bergshoeff would go with Now, she says, "to constantly live in the present." Karen Elson, meanwhile, might honor the divine inspiration of SELENE, the Greek goddess of the moon—or, if she felt like splurging (the pins are sold individually), DOUBLE ROSES from her favorite poem, an homage to Elson's mother England by Sam Shepard. Taylor Hill, pictured on page 150, would celebrate the designers with JACK and LAZ. And Liu Wen? "POV for point of view," she says. "It's a reminder to always create your own atmosphere."

GOLD Standard "We have a philosophy at Tiffany that we don't discontinue our designs, we retire them," says Francesca Amfitheatrof of the house's archives. The design director immersed herself in those archives before setting to work on a curated collection of jewelry. gifts, and tabletop trinkets to bring out of retirement for sale at Dover Street Market starting in November. The capsule includes reeditions of iconic jewelry pieces from the fifties, sixties, and seventies interpreted under Amfitheatrof's direction, all of which she describes as influenced by the "clean and modern, never fussy, recognizable Tiffany, with a rigorous attention to design." There's likely something for everyone on your list, from an ebony-and-gold double bangle to a diamond-encrusted gold cuff and a silver desktop jigsaw puzzle—and that's just for starters. "If you're invited to a ninetieth-birthday party and need to gift a sterling-silver hat," says Amfitheatrof, laughing, "we've got you covered."—RACHEL WALDMAN **OUT OF THE BLUE** 1. TIFFANY & CO. HINGED BRACELET. 2. TIFFANY & CO. INTERLOCKING BANGLES. 3. TIFFANY & CO. MONEY CLIP, \$3,500. 4. TIFFANY & CO. EARRINGS, \$4,000. 5. TIFFANY & CO. RING, \$3,800. 6. TIFFANY & CO. DESK PUZZLE, 5 \$500; ALL AT DOVER STREET MARKET NEW YORK 158 VOGUE NOVEMBER 2015





MAYBEL



VIEW Double TAKE

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO TRAVEL LIKE AN OLSEN TWIN? OUR INTREPID REPORTER FOUND OUT.

or years I've lived by a few hard-and-fast rules for happy, stress-free packing and traveling:
Roll, don't fold, shirts and cashmere; triple-check the ounces and/or milliliters of any liquid products (trust me: Watching a beloved bottle of Chanel Jersey being unceremoniously discarded is a harrowing preflight experience); and always wear your heaviest coat and a slip-on flat.

Still, as confident as I am in my time-tested travel uniform (navy Globe-Trotter wheelie, fitted jeans, trench, Chanel ballet pumps), when I heard The Row was about to launch a travel capsule with Net-a-Porter—"It made perfect sense: The average Net-a-Porter customer travels at least ten times a year," says a bright-eyed Ashley Olsen, fresh from a 48-hour work trip to Hong Kong—I wanted to see if I could travel like fashion's most recognizable on-the-go rule breakers.

Opening my kit, I find a black calfskin weekender (\$4,300) based on the crocodile gym duffel from their fall collection, containing a sweeping fringed cape (\$3,190), and a cashmere tracksuit (\$2,640). It's both quintessential The Row—refined-yet-cool American sportswear—and, with the same gargantuan proportions and black palette that have become their trademark, quintessential Olsen.

Labor Day weekend arrives, and, ignoring the humidity, I swaddle myself in cashmere, slip on a pair of Birkenstocks—with ribbed cashmere socks, of course—and pop on some tinted John Lennon sunglasses for an impromptu trip to London. (At five feet three, I am two inches taller than Mary-Kate and one inch taller than Ashley, both 29.) The weekender bag itself is surprisingly spacious, with discreet compartments on the inside and one stealth pocket on the outside that's ideal for travel documents. (Once full, however, it's the size of Texas, and I fear it won't fit in the overhead.) With a venti soy latte in hand (after I direct my Uber to a quick pit stop at Starbucks), I am uncannily transformed. "Aren't you hot in that?" inquires the puzzled driver. Indeed, but when I'm faced with subzero temperatures aboard a plane, the cape will surely come into its own. "I'm not sure if it's the air pressure, but we always both fall asleep immediately on planes," says Ashley. "So the poncho is a fashion piece but works as a blanket," finishes Mary-Kate.

I arrive with just over an hour until takeoff at JFK, my cape soaring dramatically on its way to the check-in desk, holding my passport aloft like a well-dressed tour leader. The lady from BA smiles at me and says, "Mrs. Elwick-Bates, you've been upgraded—please feel free to use the Concorde





FREQUENT FLIERS
FROM TOP: MARY-KATE (LEFT) AND ASHLEY OLSEN
MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARD THE DEPARTURE LOUNGE.
THE ROW WEEKENDER BAG, \$4,300; NET-A-PORTER.COM.

lounge." Eureka! Was it the cloak of cashmere, I wonder—or the fact that my sunglasses are still firmly in place and I'm waving an enormous Starbucks? I suspect the ethereal Olsens, who seem to be in constant clover, would have been relaxing in their Charvet slippers for a good two hours pre-departure, but at any rate an upgrade feels very The Row—and, wonder of wonders, the weekender fits overhead.

The key to the success of the capsule seems to be its versatility. The gaucho poncho? Ashley intends to wear hers over evening looks, while Mary-Kate, a keen equestrian, will relax in her tracksuit post-hack in the Hamptons. "It's all about getting from point A to B in the most efficient way possible," says Mary-Kate.—EMMA ELWICK-BATES

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Jourdan is wearing New Lasting Drama® Waterproof Gel Pencil in Cashmere White. ©2015 Maybelline LLC.





RYAN ROCHE AND HER CLOSE-KNIT KIN THRIVE IN THEIR RAMBLING 17TH-CENTURY ABODE.

hen the knitwear designer Ryan Roche and her husband, Garrett Roche, first caught sight of the 1688 stone house in Hurley, New York, that is now their home, they had, Garrett recalls, "butterflies in our tummies and two kids in seats in the back of the car."

The house may have been, as he hastily adds, "crooked and crying out for restoration," but the fact that this homestead had hosted extended families for hundreds of years, that generations of children had swung from its black walnut trees and teased the snapping turtles in its creek, made occupancy by Roche's own brood seem like destiny. The clan is currently composed of Luella, twelve; Fionn, eleven; and Ronan, seven; along with Rose and Johanna, two fairly daunting Rhodesian ridgebacks; Pony, the poodle; a tiny teacup-poodle puppy so new to the family its name is either Fawn or Mimi; and rescue cats Plum and Paddy.

Since the place hadn't really been fixed up, except for an awful seventies kitchen and a few other architectural abominations, for 100 years or so, it was, shall we say, a challenge. But you know how love is—when you fall, you

fall. Luckily, Garrett, now the COO of Ryan Roche, is a former builder more than equal to VIEW>168

FAMILY TIES

FROM NEAR RIGHT: LUELLA, FIONN, RYAN, RONAN, AND GARRETT ROCHE IN THE DINING ROOM OF THEIR HURLEY, NEW YORK, ABODE.



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MAKERBER





installing tin ceilings, locating the perfect period door-knob, and commissioning local artisans to make a seventeenth century—style light fixture from wood found on the grounds. Still, he admits that the undertaking was so daunting that more than once he found himself sitting on the porch, "crying my eyes out." But eventually the semi—construction site they inhabited, with Ryan cooking dinner for the kids on a hot plate, gave way to the splendid simplicity you see now.

Succeeding at the perilous balancing act of keeping the feeling and footprint of the house while accommodating the twenty-first-century needs of a growing family means that there is a 40-inch TV catty-corner to the fireplace in the parlor and a carpet that once belonged to Ryan's great-grandmother covering the original plank floor. But if Garrett's VIEW>170



handiwork makes the place come alive, Ryan's distinctive aesthetic also informs every nook and cranny—an invisible cashmere thread, if you will, connecting the earthy appeal of her designs to the plainspoken elegance of her home. In the dining room, a vast farm

table made the move from the family's former digs in Bushwick; the Dutch door is painted black to contrast with ivory walls; and the kitchen sports a Wolf stove and a Sub-Zero fridge—it's a long way from that hot plate—decorated with a surprisingly accomplished self-portrait by Fionn. "The kids get their artistic talent from Ryan and the music from me," Garrett says, and indeed, a few guitars are nonchalantly propped up in the corner, next to Fawn/ Mimi's lair.

Ryan, who grew up in Idaho and arrived in Brooklyn in 2001 with a munificent \$600 in her pocket, says that when she got the call from the CFDA/ Vogue Fashion Fund contest last year telling her she had made the cut, she was in the house's basement, which was then doubling as her studio. (She placed as one of the winners.) Now her sunny atelier, brimming with sweaters so pale and soft they seem to shriek, "Touch me! Feel me!," occupies an outbuilding on the property, and the cellar has been repurposed as a music room, though Mom has left her traces—a collection of miniature shoes occupies a former canning closet.

But if the basement is crowded with keyboards and drum sets— Fionn and Luella are performing in a Fleetwood Mac tribute concert the very next day!—the rest of the house is stunningly spare. Upstairs, each of the children's bedrooms features a vintage bed, found locally, and the kinds of minimal playthings—a Lego building here, a stuffed dog therethat look frankly staged. Ryan laughs at the absurdity of this suggestion. "The kids really want to be stuff-free!" she swears. "They're more into their music and their computers." And really, she insists, when you think about it, the house is not empty at all. "There is so much energy, with the five of us, the dogs and cats! I just want to be happy and relax and live-and not be precious about it. The house is full of love."—LYNN YAEGER



"I have a very nice relationship with the Ferragamo family," says Aquazzura's Edgardo Osorio of Salvatore Ferragamo, where he began his career ten years ago. "We're neighbors!" (As it happens, Osorio's home and studio is a mere stone's throw from the storied label's historic Florentine headquarters in the thirteenth-century Palazzo Spini Feroni.) That affinity came in handy when Ferragamo creative director Massimiliano Giornetti invited Osorio to collaborate on a limitededition collection that Giornetti describes as coming from "sharing an appreciation of color, light, and living outdoors: Edgardo is from Colombia, and South American culture is similar to that of Italy." The thirteen spirited silhouettes inspired by the Ferragamo archives—including rainbow-painted feathered sandals and cobalt-cuffed black suede peeptoe booties—celebrate not only the craftsmanship of Salvatore Ferragamo and the flair of Aquazzura but also, perhaps surprisingly, a comfortable, laid-back approach to wearing them. "All you need are jeans and a white T-shirt," says Osorio, pointing to a polka dot-printed cork stiletto trimmed with mini bows ascending the heel. "These are playful shoes."-R.W.

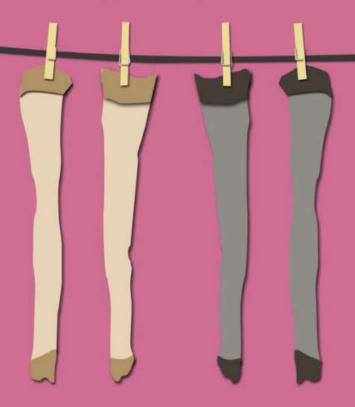
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Beauty Phenom

Art Angels, her long-awaited fourth album. Featuring eleven tracks that she calls more "deliberate" and "confident" than her *Billboard*-charting 2012 release, *Visions*, the record is poised to transplant Boucher squarely into the mainstream.

High-octane, professionally mastered hooks aside, Boucher's hair—waist-grazing and dark in back, with a shorter bleached fringe up front—has become nearly as

signature to the Grimes lore as her pixie-pitched crooning, homemade beats, and skill as a female producer in the male-dominated world of hit-makers. The combination has made her an unexpected beauty icon who indulges in both YouTube makeup tutorials and Ronda Rousey fights while doling out advice on the perils of blue-hair maintenance via her heavily trafficked social-media channels.

Today, Boucher's strands are freshly tipped a shade of icy-pink lilac. "This is my album color. I'm attempting to keep it for at least six months," she reveals, her fingertips still stained a shade of grayish purple. With lithe, unshaven legs, she is arranging and rearranging her feet into third and fourth position as she talks. Despite having given up dancing when she was fourteen because she was just "too alt" for the medium, Boucher admits that she's dipping a toe back in with

Mary Helen Bowers's popular *Ballet Beautiful* DVDs in an attempt to get her body in shape for the physical demands of her upcoming tour, which kicks into high gear this month. She's getting her fashion-and-beauty game on point, too.

"It's always been a huge thing for me," the 27-year-old admits of cultivating her own look and that of her Grimes character, which is inspired by everything from Alexander Wang's

Balenciaga to a "surrealist military aesthetic" sourced from the video game Metal Gear Solid V: The Phantom Pain. "I'm a person who would love to be, like, a stylist or a cosmetologist or a hairdresser," she insists, detailing a sartorial past fueled by "Goth photo shoots" with friends as well as a deep respect and admiration for other female musicians. "They engage with pop but don't capitulate to [it]," she says, giving a shout-out

to a No Doubt—era Gwen Stefani and FKA Twigs. Boucher's current fashion lexicon is informed by a studied backlog of online runway shows and, more recently, a front-row seat at many of them. (She sported a peachy-pink pompadour at Louis Vuitton's resort presentation in May; at Dior's couture show in July, it was a peroxide-blonde quiff.)

There was also her recent turn in Alexander Wang's Steven Klein–lensed DoSomething campaign. But despite all the designer love that has yielded a closet full of choice ready-to-wear pieces, Boucher says that her onstage wardrobe remains primarily athletic-inspired, dictated by things she can easily jump around in and that can just as easily be destroyed. "Most things I have have a ten-show life span," she says referencing her energetic live performances, which are not conducive to sequined playsuits, stilettos, or lip-

stick; they do, however, readily support a smear of black kohl liner and a darkened brow. This time around, the show Boucher plans to take on the road will also hinge on Fred Astaire–inspired choreography, a Nine Inch Nails–themed lighting design, and, of course, a few go-to tubs of Manic Panic in Electric Amethyst and Mystic Heather for touch-ups.—CELIA ELLENBERG

BEAUTY>176



ROCK STAR GRIMES, PHOTOGRAPHED IN PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA, FOR NICOLAS GHESQUIÈRE'S LOUIS VUITTON RESORT SHOW





MINI SERIES

FROM FAR LEFT: ESTÉE LAUDER
GOLDEN PINEAPPLE SOLID PERFUME
COMPACT IN BEAUTIFUL; TOM FORD
LIPS & BOYS LIPSTICK IN ALEJANDRO;
NYMPHAEA CAERULEA PERFUME
BY RÉGIME DES FLEURS; MARC JACOBS
BEAUTY HIGHLINER IN ODY(SEA),
PART OF THE SKY-LINER COLLECTION.



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Beautyskin

Gentle CYCLE

With reported cases of sensitive skin on the rise, Kayleen Schaefer seeks comfort in the latest developments for soothing—and staving off—irritation.



never welcome the first chill of winter. While others relish the return of boot season and sweater weather, all I can think about is my face's slight flush—an early warning sign of the tender, tingling, and impossible-to-soothe skin that awaits me in the cold months to come.

I am not the only one irritated.

According to a study in the International Journal of Dermatology, 51 percent of American women describe their skin as "sensitive," a blanket term that has

come to embody all manner of redness, itchiness, and inflammation—whether real or perceived. "Sensitivity is in the eye of the beholder," explains Murad Alam, M.D., a professor of dermatology and the head of cosmetic dermatology and dermatologic surgery at Northwestern University. Which is to say: There is no scientific consensus on how to define the word that evokes discomfort in its many unsightly forms. Continues Alam,



ABOVE: OVERCLEANSING IS ONE WAY TO SET OFF SKIN SENSITIVITY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY IRVING PENN, VOGUE, 2002. FROM NEAR RIGHT: LA SOLUTION 10 DE CHANEL; LA ROCHE-POSAY CICAPLAST BAUME B5.



CHANEL

"Almost everyone will be sensitive to something."

Some of us are born sensitive. But people with normal skin types can also become sensitized, meaning that a single ingredient—even one designed to increase the production of collagen and elastin, like vitamin A—can cause irritation at any time. For decades women have relied on no-pain-no-gain peels and scrubs to boost cellular turnover and enhance skin's absorption abilities, but new research suggests that strengthening the top of the skin, rather than stripping it, helps active ingredients penetrate better.

This theory has long reigned across the Atlantic, which is why European best sellers, like French-pharmacy favorite La Roche-Posay's Cicaplast Baume B5, are now finding favor Stateside. Made with soothing vitamin B5 and moisture-andlipid-replenishing shea butter, the multipurpose unscented salve heals and plumps dry skin. Chanel, along with consulting dermatologist Amy Wechsler, M.D., has launched La Solution 10 de Chanel, which also relieves inflammation while protecting the skin from environmental stress, like pollution and sun exposure. The limited-ingredient cream is formulated with mega-antioxidants and without potentially harsh fragrances—a first for the perfume house.

Making the skin more unyielding is only one part of the solution to easing sensitivity; maintaining its microflora of bacteria is another. Supporting this natural defense system with things like probiotics, which feature heavily in Elizabeth Arden's new Superstart Skin Renewal Booster, is key to ensuring its ability to properly deflect irritants. Fermented ingredients which break down the molecular structure of actives in products from Immunocologie and the Korean Su:m37—allow

OF AMERICAN WOMEN DESCRIBE THEIR SKIN AS SENSITIVE'

nutrients and minerals to become more symbiotic with the skin's ecosystem, making them popular with sensitive types for the same reason.

Marisa Vara Arredondo could have benefited from the industry's recent shift in her 20s. "I was worried about my face," admits the now 40-year-old, who spent twelve years battling irrita-

tion as a Wall Street analyst specializing in the cosmetic, drug, and biotech sector before striking out on her own. Arredondo's recently launched Phace Bioactive focuses on nurturing the skin's optimal, slightly acidic pH level to help prevent cracking and brittleness. "Skin care isn't about blasting through the top layer," she says-good advice for ensuring that the only outerwear you fret over this season involves which coat to wear. □ BEAUTY>178

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BREAKING Point
A compulsion to exercise can sometimes do more harm than good.
How fit is too fit? asks Tamar Adler.

or as long as I can remember, my mother was a casual runner. I could often be found on autumn and spring weekends of my Westchester childhood cheering at the finish lines of prim 5Ks. But in the year after my father died of cancer, a few months before her fortieth birthday, my mother began to train at our local gym with something like mania. I had never liked the gym. I found it intense and macho and loud. Nor did I, at fifteen, understand my mother—who was delicate and poised, with a fragile beauty—inside one. But that's where she was, for hours a day, with a trainer named Tony, who told me when we first met that my mother was "a beast."

She started entering triathlons at 44. A pile of medals grew in our basement workout room. The gentle mother I had known had become gladiatorial, devoted to a regimen of running, weight training, and bicycle trips on the route of the Tour de France. Had I been a detached adult, there might have been something inspiring about the transformation. As a child, I felt purely frightened at watching my remaining parent repeatedly put herself through obvious pain.

My mother had ignored decades-old problems with an Achilles tendon. When she finally made an appointment, in agony, to see an orthopedist, she was told it was a miracle she had been racing at all. The tendon had disintegrated, probably long before. Her surgeon used a tendon from elsewhere in her foot to replace the missing one. We sat together and watched Julia Child episodes over her long recovery. I silently prayed the "beast"-liness had come to an end.

It hadn't. She raced more, won more. She married her spinning instructor, a handsome and bighearted Ironman triathlete who discouraged her, fruitlessly, from racing through injury. BEAUTY>180

PUSHING THE LIMIT

DOCTORS ARE SEEING A PROFUSION OF OVERUSE INJURIES SUCH AS SPRAINED ANKLES AND STRESS FRACTURES. JOAN SMALLS, PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER FOR VOGUE, 2012

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REFRESH. REPLENISH. REVITALIZE. DISCOVER A NEW LEVEL OF HYDRATION.



BeautyFitness

My sporting history was spotty. I had danced from age five to twelve but never wanted to wrench my body into the submission ballet demands. I played field hockey and lacrosse for one season each, then moved on to theater. But the year I turned 26, something in me shifted. Or maybe it had always been there, a button waiting to be pushed. I had just broken off my engagement to my first great love. Distraught and feeling half-alive, I began running five, seven, ten miles a day. For those minutes or hours I felt light. Quickly, my own delirium spread: I began kickboxing. I weight-trained. I, too, started to enter races.

For the next eight years, I ran any half-marathon taking place within a few hours of where I stood. The story I told myself—that physical achievement was by definition "good for you"—kept me trotting along the course of a twelve-mile Marin Headlands mountain race after a late night cooking on the line at Chez Panisse. It kept me sprinting the last mile of a 10K three years ago, despite a brisk stabbing that by mile six, near the race's end, was a full stress fracture.

My fourth date with Peter, now my husband, began with my limping up his stairs the afternoon of that 10K and asking that we make our way around Brooklyn by bicycle because I couldn't walk. For the next year, I practiced yoga. There was a break from racing. Until, several jogs under my belt, I decided to enter an adventure race set on a ski mountain in the Hudson Valley. The threeand-a-half-mile course comprised 21 "obstacles." For example: scaling fifteen-foot-high walls, dragging 50-pound weights on iron chains through dense forest, military-style crawling under barbed wire.

Out of the gate with the other spandex-clad racers, I felt a familiar rush. At obstacle eight, another familiar sensation: pain. I'd turned my foot on a rock and heard a strange

snap. I grimaced through obstacles nine through 21, limping down sections of mountainside. At the finish line I hopped through fire. (The idea is to leap through, but leaping is impossible on one foot.) For the first few hours after the race, I was able to hide my injury from Peter. Then I took a single step, brayed, and started crying. I ended up in a traction boot for three months.

I've noticed more and more of my peers on the street in casts and braces. According to Elizabeth Matzkin, M.D., assistant professor of orthopedic surgery at Harvard (herself an alumna of three obstacle-races), there is an uptick in rotator cuff and labral tears, sprained ankles, and stress fractures.

"There are certain people who train intensely and increase their training too much too fast," she says. "I always tell my patients: Bone is living tissue. If you introduce stress to it too quickly, you get hurt."

Some common indicators of overexercising are missed periods and a low BMI. The most important sign to heed is discomfort when you are exercising, according to Claudette Lajam, M.D., assistant professor of orthopedic surgery at NYU Langone Medical Center. "Your body makes pain for a reason: You're supposed to stop whatever you're doing if you're feeling it," she says. But her overexerciser

patients are terrified of stopping, so she advises them to recalibrate their activity. "I'll say, 'You're only going to run twice a week. The other three days you can swim.' A lot of people think, Oh, my God, if I can't do CrossFit I'm going to die. I do CrossFit, and I understand—it's addictive. But if you're in pain from something you're doing for fun, then there's something wrong."

Years prior to my obstacle-course catastrophe, and the worst of my mother's, we would sometimes race together. At mile nine of a 15K, in the middle of winter under Christo's installation the Gates in Central Park, my mother had said, "You're bound to be faster than me. You should go ahead." So often I had thought of my mother's compulsion to exercise with this basic worry: wanting her not to be hurt. A part of me wanted us to abandon ship and both go inside somewhere and be warm and OK. But the part I heard loudest wanted to speed up and go as fast as I could. So I ran ahead.

More recently, as I lay miserably in a boot in our apartment, Peter asked me to consider what I was doing to myself. He put an insistent question to me: "Do you just want to be like your mother?" Of course I do. She is thoughtful and graceful. She listens well. She taught me

to cook. I just don't want to be like my mother in this way. A few months ago I learned that she was running again—after back surgery and hip surgery. When does it stop? She has lost both of her Achilles tendons. What do I need to lose?

I've assured Peter I don't want to drive my body into the ground. And I don't, in theory. But the fact is I can't imagine a future of swimming and power walking and stretching. I've signed up for a short road race, which leaves me equal parts excited and anxious. I don't particularly want to be the kind of person who feels a small ache and then stops, mid-race. I also don't want to end up with surgeries and casts, a wounded soldier of a silly, invented battle. May the better half win. □

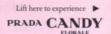
THRILL CHASER
THE AUTHOR STRETCHES BEFORE A 5K RACE
IN BROOKLYN LAST FEBRUARY.



I've assured my
husband I don't want to drive
my body into the ground.
And I don't, in theory.
But the fact is I can't imagine
a future of swimming and
power walking and stretching







PRADA CANDY

Florale







BVLGARAI





acclaim for its straight-razor sound and empowered lyrics. Silence Yourself (2013), the band's first album, included "She Will," a pounding anthem of self-determination: "She will kiss like a man/She will forget her name." Though the band is often called post-punk, the musicians reject the term—"a very lazy label since it's been a label," says drummer Fay Milton.

Their sensibility is more eclectic that

Their sensibility is more eclectic than that, they explain one afternoon in London's alt-hip Dalston district. Thompson grew up on military bases, while bassist Ayse Hassan was raised by parents in the thrall of Nirvana, Oasis, and Queen. ("I wanted to rebel against that, but I really did love Nirvana.") Milton, whose background is in orchestral percussion, had never played rock. The band's lyrics and imaginative style come from Jehnny Beth, its French front woman, who has short hair and a connection-seeking gaze. "The fourth wall is not a wall—it should be very fluid," she says. She had an epiphany when audiences began singing back to

Savages' new album, out this winter, is an answer and a departure. "I started to write more personal things, about love," Beth says. "I didn't need to force anything. Bands change, people change." Audiences, too. "When I step onstage, I always imagine this one person. I think, I'm just meeting someone tonight—and I'm going to see how things work out between us."—NATHAN HELLER PATA>186



Rustic design CHARM

GANG'S ALL HERE

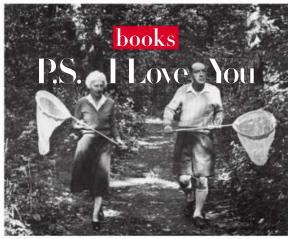
AND AYSE HASSAN

FROM LEFT: JEHNNY BETH, FAY MILTON, GEMMA THOMPSON,

Fired up in a studio founded by two brothers in Italy's Umbria region, II Buco Vita's Bellocchi collection of ceramic tableware is finished with unique glazes whose exact formulas are a family secret. The result? One-of-a-kind serving pieces in speckled yellow, emerald, and indigo, sure to be the centerpiece of any holiday table.—REBECCA STABLEN



"I'm an intense dude," says **Emory Cohen** in an accent as thick as a pastrami on rye. "I idolize Brando." You can feel Marlon's ghost hovering over Cohen's performance in *Brooklyn*, John Crowley's deft adaptation of Colm Tóibín's novel about a young Irish woman (Saoirse Ronan) in 1952 Brooklyn. The 25-year-old New Yorker plays Tony, an Italian-American plumber whose openhearted passion is a world away from the judgmental repression she's used to. Although Cohen has played his share of screwed-up characters—Debra Messing's overwrought son on *Smash*, the delinquent AJ in *The Place Beyond the Pines*—his scenes with Ronan bring out a vulnerable sweetness. "Like lots of young actors, Emory worries that if a part doesn't cost you, it's not really acting," says Crowley. "To play Tony, he had to trust working from joy, not from pain. And he did that, brilliantly."—JOHN POWERS



When Véra Slonim met Vladimir Nabokov at a Russian-émigré ball in Berlin in 1923, she was wearing a harlequin mask and recited one of his poems from memory. For the next half century, they continued to captivate each other. Becoming not only Nabokov's wife but eventually his editor and translator, Véra was the one who rescued the manuscript of Lolita from the flames when he decided to burn it. Now, in **Letters to Véra** (Knopf), edited and translated by Olga Voronina and Brian Boyd, we glimpse the rich texture of their bond, from witty missives during their courtship, filled with riddles and a menagerie of endearments ("Monkeykins," "Goosikins," "Long bird of paradise with the precious tail"), to desperate letters and telegrams from the thirties, detailing the author's search for a teaching post abroad from which he could move Véra, who was Jewish, and their young son, Dmitri, out of Nazi Germany. Most painful of all are his efforts, in 1937, to repair the damage caused by an extramarital affair. Nabokov's correspondence—Véra, elusive to the end, destroyed her own—makes clear how, in a life of exile, they forged a kind of country of two. "You are the only person I can talk with about the shade of a cloud, about the song of a thought," Nabokov wrote in his very first letter to her, "and about how, when I went out to work today and looked a tall sunflower in the face, it smiled at me with all of its seeds."—MEGAN O'GRADY

movies The GOOD Fight

In Sarah Gavron's Suffragette, a rousing film about the battle for female voting rights in pre-World War I Britain, Carey Mulligan stars as Maud Watts, a laundry worker who goes from passivity to activism—"Deeds, not words"—under the guidance of a local feminist (Helena Bonham Carter) and the movement's real-life leader, Emmeline Pankhurst (Meryl Streep). While Abi Morgan's script can be predictable, the movie is galvanized by Mulligan's touching, slow-burn performance as an ordinary woman discovering extraordinary inner strength.

For a modern look at women's freedom, don't miss Mustang, the debut of the gifted young female Turkish director Deniz Gamze Ergüven. Filmed in a provincial beach town, the movie follows five spirited teenage sisters whose family, thinking their youthful exuberance immoral, locks them up and starts marrying them off against their will. Their story is told through the eyes of the youngest, Lale (a delightful Güneş Nezihe Şensoy), an irrepressible soul who wonders-as do wewhich, if any, of these young mustangs will break free.—J.P.







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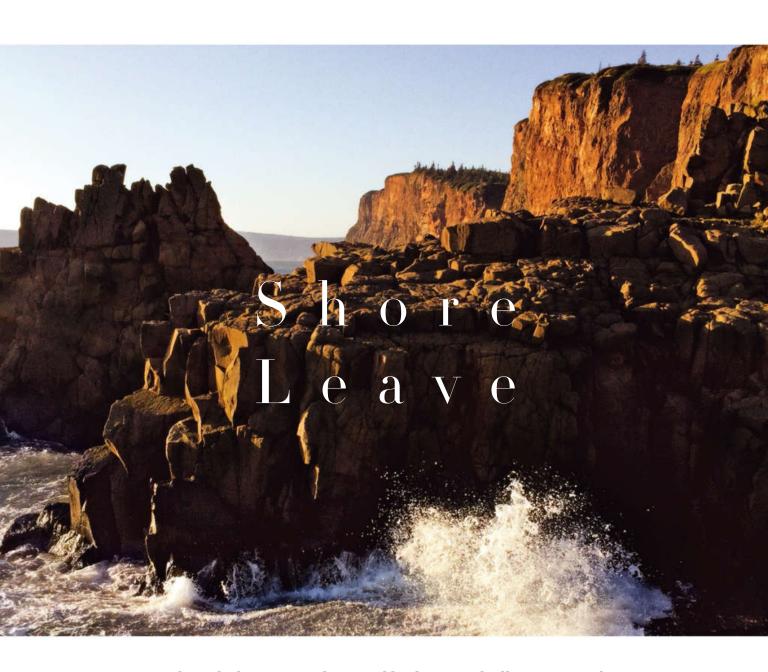
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November 2015

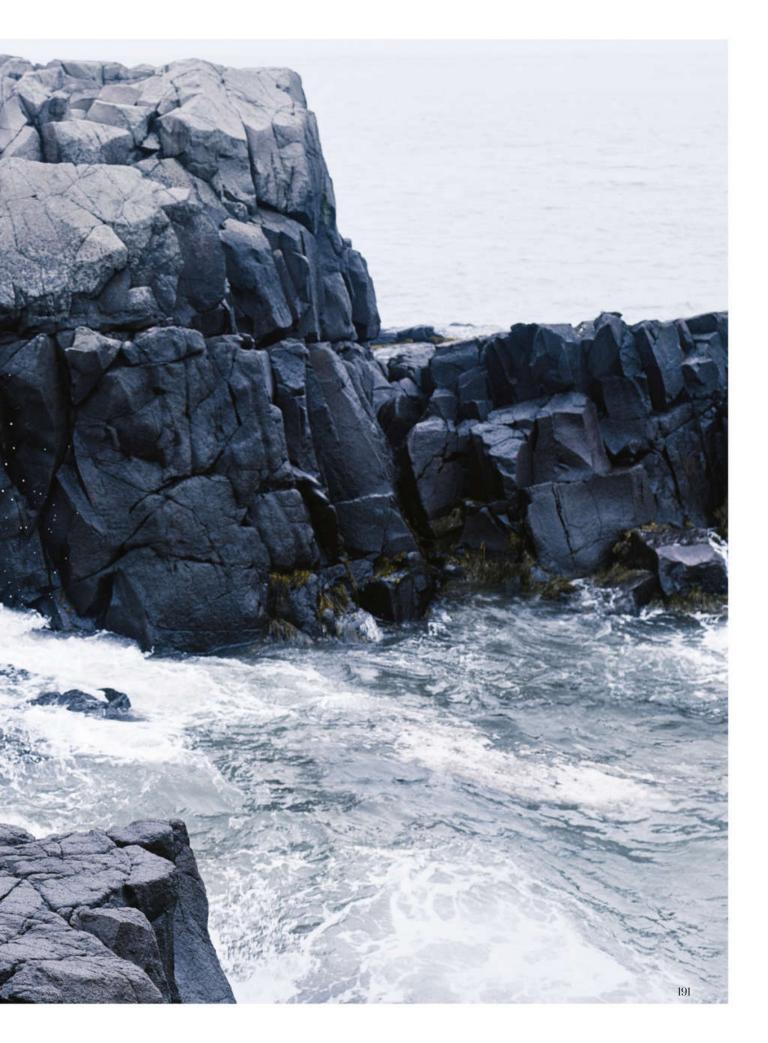


Though the season's lean and lanky casual silhouettes nod to the grunge of yesteryear, their slinky, let's-kick-back sensuality points forward to a new Nirvana of weekend dressing.

Photographed by Mikael Jansson.

MAKING WAVES





















The boldly colored, texture-rich, highly adorned dressing of the resort collections—featuring everything from sequins and stripes to grommets and leather—lets you play mix and match from day to night. Photographed by Patrick Demarchelier.















POWER PUNK

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makeup, Gucci
Westman. Details,
see In This Issue.

Rebel





he director was very focused. The actress was unstable. And the writer was deeply confused," says Angelina Jolie Pitt. Then she laughs. She's talking about what it was like to direct herself and her husband as a married couple in her own script for *By the Sea*, an elegiac exploration of grief and love. Ten years after her last collaboration with Brad Pitt, *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*—the movie that sparked their relationship—it's about as far from that marriage-aswar-of-assassins comedy as you can get.

"This is the only film I've done that is completely based on my own crazy mind," she says, speaking with humor and intensity, bringing to life a soulless room at the Sunset Tower Hotel. Outside is glittering, heat-wave sun, umbrellas packing the Los Angeles beaches. Inside, Angelina's in black—skinny pants, short-sleeved silk blouse—which makes her printer paper—white skin even whiter. She wears no makeup. Why bother? Her beauty has only deepened with time.

For years, she says, she and Brad called the script for *By the Sea* "the crazy one. We even called it 'the worst idea.'" She laughs again, and covers her face with her hands. "As artists we wanted something that took us out of our comfort zones," she explains. "Just being raw actors. It's not the safest idea. But life is short." Angelina, of course, has never played it safe. And at this point in her mythic life, perhaps the only risk left is to pare down the myth, expose her self.

And so, after getting married the summer of last year at her house in France, she moved with her tribe (Brad, six children now aged seven to fourteen, and assorted staff) to the Maltese island of Gozo, a stand-in for the southern French coast with its dazzling Mediterranean light, and shot the film. "It was our honeymoon," she says, with a wide-open smile that expresses all that's left unsaid about the highly privileged carnival that is her life. "They travel like gypsies," observes Angelina's friend, the screenwriter Eric Roth, describing the family's peripatetic lifestyle. A band of galactically famous multimillionaire gypsies.

The kids are homeschooled by teachers from different backgrounds and religions, speaking different languages. "We travel often to Asia, Africa, Europe, where they were born," says Angelina. "The boys know they're from Southeast Asia, and they have their food and their music and their friends, and they have a pride particular to them. But I want them to be just

THE BIRTH OF VENUS

The actress served as screenwriter, director, producer, and female lead of her current movie, *By the Sea*. Jolie Pitt wears a Calvin Klein Collection dress. Details, see In This Issue.









as interested in the history of their sisters' countries and Mommy's country so we don't start dividing. Instead of taking Z on a special trip"—ten-year-old Zahara was adopted from Ethiopia in 2005—"we all go to Africa and we have a great time."

When we meet, Jolie Pitt has just returned from Cambodia, the location for her next film, and Myanmar. She took along Pax, her eleven-year-old Vietnamese-born son, who wanted to work on the film and meet Aung San Suu Kyi. Pax had read about the liberated Burmese opposition leader and Nobel laureate and was curious. "Seeing Pax get extra-nervous about which shirt he is going to wear when he meets Aung San Suu Kyi, I get very moved," she says. "He rightfully doesn't get nervous going to a movie premiere; he gets nervous going to meet her."

Since Jolie Pitt got back to their home in Santa Barbara—almost like any mother—she has had to attend to doctors' appointments, vaccines for the kids, play dates, and meetings, before the whole troupe decamps again to their house in London. For now, it will make the best base for their projects. Angelina can travel to the Middle East on UN trips and to Cambodia to prep her film, and be back for the kids, and Brad can fly to and from Abu Dhabi to shoot David Michôd's *War Machine*, adapted from journalist Michael Hastings's account of America's recent conflict in Afghanistan.

If her daily life is a large, sociable whirl, Angelina's new film is an intimate, claustrophobic tale. She wrote *By the Sea* after her mother, Marcheline Bertrand, died of cancer eight years ago, and never thought it would see the light of day. She wanted to explore bereavement—how different

She and Brad may have chosen to shoot this movie to challenge themselves, but it was during the editing that Angelina got the real scare. Her doctor called, saying she had elevated inflammatory markers. She consulted Eastern and Western physicians, including her mother's former doctor. She had her ovaries and Fallopian tubes removed. She detailed her experience in a *New York Times* Op-Ed, fulfilling a promise to keep readers informed after relating two years earlier her decision—having learned she had the BRCA1 gene—to have a preventative double mastectomy.

"It really *connected* me to other women," she says of her decision to go public. "I wish my mom had been able to make those choices." The procedures themselves were, she says, "brutal. It's hard. They are not easy surgeries. The ovaries are an easy surgery, but the hormone changes"—she laughs, nods her head—"interesting. We did joke that I had my Monday edit. Tuesday surgery. Wednesday go into menopause. Thursday come back to edit, a little funky with my steps."

Jolie Pitt has famously said that she has a ticking clock in her head, and that she is surprised to still be here; that she lives every day like it might be her last. Now, having gone through menopause, she says, "I feel grounded as a woman. I know others do too. Both of the women in my family, my mother and my grandmother"—who also succumbed to ovarian cancer—"started dying in their 40s. I'm 40. I can't wait to hit 50 and know I made it."

All through our conversation on this cloudless L.A. afternoon, I'm aware of the vast landscape inside the easygoing person who sits before me, her tattoos visible, her jewelry

"I feel grounded as a woman. My mother and my grandmother started dying in their 40s. I'm 40. I can't wait to hit 50 and know I made it"

people respond to it. She set the action in the seventies, when her mother was in her vibrant 20s, and began simply with a husband and wife. She gave them a history of grief, put them in a car, and drove them to a seaside hotel to see how the pair—Roland, a novelist with a red typewriter; Vanessa, a former dancer with boxes of clothes and hats—attend to their pain. Vanessa is frail, tortured, hemmed in. She feeds her mourning a diet of pills and suicidal fantasies. Roland is defeated by the seclusion of her anguish, and drinks. And so it goes on until innocent newlyweds move in next door. . . .

"It's not autobiographical," says Angelina, smiling. She shrugs off the fact that celebrity-watchers will have a field day trying to read into this movie. "Brad and I have our issues," she offers, "but if the characters' were even remotely close to our problems we couldn't have made the film." Yet the film is a deeply personal project, drawn loosely from her mother's life. Jolie Pitt often talks about the sacrifice her mother made in giving up acting to raise her and her brother, James, after their father, Jon Voight, left. Later Bertrand's work was cut short as a producer and activist for Native Americans and for the Give Love Give Life cancer organization she founded with her partner, John Trudell. She was diagnosed with ovarian cancer at 49; she died seven years later. "My mother was an Earth Mother and the nicest person in the world," says Jolie Pitt (pointing out that Vanessa in the movie is not). "But the specific grief came from the woman I was closest to, seeing her art slip away, her body fail her."

minimal, with her aviator sunglasses, her pen and folder on the couch. Besides the actress, director, and outspoken cancer warrior, there are the other Angelinas—the most glamorous woman in the world who has to meet in an anonymous hotel room because she can't go anywhere in public without being mobbed. "You cannot take AJ undercover," laughs Zainab Bangura, a Sierra Leonean political activist and former government minister who is now the UN secretary-general's Special Representative on Sexual Violence in Conflict. "She says, 'When can we travel together? Anything more I can do?' I can run around in Somalia undercover, but you cannot hide AJ."

There's Florence Nightingale Angelina, Special Envoy of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, who travels constantly to countries in crisis, supports, negotiates, and interacts one-on-one. "The hug," says Bangura, "is powerful for people in pain. They know she's genuine." She can use her star power to make demands—to see a president, speaker of Parliament, and defense secretary, as she did recently in Myanmar to convince them to let her travel by helicopter to visit the Rohingya, a Muslim minority group facing ethnic cleansing. (A cyclone hit, and her trip was canceled; but she will go back.) And there's the CEO Angelina, a Hollywood powerhouse who, like a martial artist, tries to wield the system to her advantage: outwits the gossip magazines by selling the first pictures of baby Shiloh in 2006 for a reported \$7.5 million, and of her twins, Knox and Vivienne, born in 2008, for double that, donating the money to the Jolie-Pitt Foundation; earns a fortune playing assassins and superheroes, then making more mission-driven films, like *A Mighty Heart, Beyond Borders*, and *In the Land of Blood and Honey*; satisfies her fans with her poise and beauty while acting out her ambitions for a committed life on a global stage.

I'm also thinking of the other Angelina, the younger one, the awkward kid who wore glasses and boxed, the dark, wild punk who used to say anything, talked openly about cutting herself, collected weapons, flipped a butterfly knife on Conan O'Brien after she made *Gia*, sported a vial of her second husband, Billy Bob Thornton's, blood.

That power of the raw was the first thing director James Mangold saw before her audition for *Girl*, *Interrupted*, her 1999 breakout movie, after *Gia*. "I met her at the Sofitel, where she was staying. I remember the first thing she said: 'This place is so dumb and French country, and I hate French country.'" Mangold is still in awe of that audition. "I felt like I was looking at a ravishing female Jack Nicholson."

What really set her apart? "Attitude. As directors we are starved for it in men and women," he says. "We've all gotten so correct and polite and understanding of one another and the multiple points of view. And that is a good thing, but on another level it's just a little harder to elbow your way out in front. It takes aggression, and attitude." Clint Eastwood had it, he says. John Wayne, Humphrey Bogart, Barbara Stanwyck. And Angelina.

"I needed someone who questions the rules," he says of *Girl, Interrupted*, "who fucks who she wants to, pushes aside who she wishes to, and speaks the truth as she sees it . . . to be such an outlier they are deemed sociopathic but to us, the audience, they are brilliant." That was Angelina's character. And, as Jolie Pitt has said, it was also a part of her. "She was trying

at that time to navigate, with far greater success than the character, what is unique about her," says Mangold, "while finding a way to integrate herself with all the pedestrian things we live with—like French country."

Jolie Pitt used to have a window: a tiny box, tattooed on her lower back. As a kid, she says, and even on movie shoots or with her former husbands (Jonny Lee Miller and Thornton), she used to stare out windows, longing for a life elsewhere, thinking, There has to be something else.

That turbulent and restless 25-year-old was the one who traveled to Cambodia to make *Lara Croft: Tomb Raider*, the video-game heroine saving the world's light from the forces of darkness, and had her eyes opened by the devastation wrought by the Khmer Rouge. She was confronted by genocide, refugees, people with prosthetic limbs, land



LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION!

Maddox, age fourteen, and his mom cue up the shot. Jolie Pitt wears a Donna Karan New York slip dress. Details, see In This Issue.

mines still ripping apart children at play, the whole constellation of war's consequences and injustices.

Cambodia reshaped the contours of Jolie Pitt's life. As she's said, if someone had dropped her at fourteen in the middle of Asia or Africa she'd have realized how self-centered she was, that there was real pain, real death, real things to fight for. She came home, made phone calls, read everything she could get her hands on, and began traveling with the Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees on her own dime to figure out how she could be of use, bringing along her notebook and a willingness to sleep anywhere and take physical risks. Returning to Cambodia soon after she finished the movie, she kept a journal, later published as *Notes from My Travels*, in which you can witness her transformation taking place:





Friday, July 20, 2001, in Cambodia: "On my way to my room I couldn't help but notice all the bomb casings. . . . These weapons and explosives were originally made by manufacturing plants run by governments like mine." She goes out with the deminers to find out how they work. "Two land mines were discovered. I was allowed to detonate one of them with TNT. I must say it was a great feeling to destroy something that would have otherwise hurt or possibly killed another person." In a former Khmer Rouge prison she writes, "In each one of the cells there is a picture of the person who was tortured. . . . As I continue to write this I think, What am I doing? How can I be standing here?"

In her travels with UNHCR she finally flew through the window. She even had a former Buddhist monk in Thailand tattoo a tiger over it. And she took the fight against herself and turned it on injustice. As she writes about the refugees she meets, "I wanted to help them, and I realize more and more every day how they have helped me." She also realized fairly quickly that she could take the Hollywood insanity, the fairy dust, the massive power and money she was accruing with blockbuster franchises like Lara Croft and, later, Maleficent, and use them, her way. She wasn't just going to play Lara Croft, she wanted to be a kind of Lara Croft and change the world.

Phillip Noyce, the director of Rabbit-Proof Fence and The Quiet American, worked with Jolie Pitt on The Bone Collector back in 1999 and then on the action movie Salt in 2010. He puts it rather beautifully when he says, "She has a hard back and a very soft front. The back is determined. The front is soft and receiving of ideas." On Salt, she demonstrated her stubborn desire for authenticity. At one point, he recalls, Salt had to escape from her apartment. Noyce told Jolie Pitt that he'd make a green screen ten feet off the ground to look as though she was eight stories high. "She turned to me and said, 'No, no, no, I want to be out there.' I said, 'You don't need to. It's very dangerous. Why?' 'I'll act much better if I'm really out there, and it's going to look better,' she replied. Six weeks later she's out there. She had learned that there's too much CGI. The audience instinctively knows what a CGI shot is. They are sick of it." Audiences want to see the real. That was her point. "When she is working, she is a conductor of ideas. They flow through her like electricity and emotion," Noyce says.

Last April, Jolie Pitt watched her now nine-year-old daughter Shiloh among refugees in Lebanon. "When she was sitting on the floor with her UN cap writing her notes as she was talking to someone, I was flashing on myself fifteen years ago and thinking, I know that moment," she says. But she also knows that it may not be the same for all her children, and she doesn't push. The Jolie-Pitt world is democratic, eclectic. "The kids that don't want to go don't go," she says of her humanitarian field trips.

The \$20 million–plus Jolie-Pitt Foundation she created with Brad in 2006 now funds clinics and schools in Ethiopia, Kenya, Afghanistan, and CONTINUED ON PAGE 258

CIRCLE DANCE

Jolie Pitt with her four younger children. "These are their most important years," she says. The actress wears an Oscar de la Renta dress and a Zana Bayne belt. In this story: hair, Adam Campbell; makeup, Toni G for MAC Cosmetics. Set design, Theresa Rivera for Mary Howard Studio. Details, see In This Issue.





DIRECTION

From Jane Eyre to True Detective to a tale of child soldiers in Africa, Cary Fukunaga's ambitious, immersive projects make him one of our most exciting filmmakers. John Powers reports. Photographed by Anton Corbijn.

t's a lazy morning at Light Iron, one of those eerily sleek postproduction houses where everything appears to have been purchased two minutes ago. Director Cary Joji Fukunaga—whose half-Japanese, half-Swedish good looks have become an enduring Internet meme—is making the very final tweak to his new movie about African child soldiers, *Beasts of No Nation*. There's one particular shot of an impending storm that's been gnawing away at his perfectionist soul: Something about the clouds doesn't look quite right. After staring intently at the monitor for a few minutes, he turns to his digital "flame artist" (as they're known) and tells her, "I don't like how the lightning flashes there. Can you shift it a bit to the right?"

So saying, he flops his six-foot frame onto the office sofa, legs stretched out before him. He looks zonked. The previous night there had been a cast-and-crew screening of the film in Tribeca, and because guests had flown in from as far away as Ghana to attend, he stayed up drinking not–so–grand cru champagne at the after-party until 6:00 A.M.

Still, even when exhausted, Fukunaga is not one to do nothing. He picks up a nearby laptop, and—"You ever watched these?"—clicks to a compilation of motorcycle-crash videos, a jaunty compendium of Harleys and Yamahas sliding down highways and going into ditches. While I know that he loves riding motorcycles ("I learned going across Cambodia," he tells me) and that his old BMW bike is currently being refurbished in Nashville, I'm still surprised to see him eyeballing accident footage with such attention.

"Do you look at these things often?" I ask.

RENAISSANCE MAN

Thirty-eight-year-old Fukunaga has an appetite for difficult subjects and big experiences. Dolce & Gabbana suit. Menswear Editor, Michael Philouze. Details, see In This Issue. Sittings Editor: Phyllis Posnick.

"All the time," he says. "It's good to keep reminding yourself of your own mortality."

If anybody might reasonably need such a reminder, it's this 38-year-old director, who is living a life that feels enviably charmed. Fukunaga is one of the few genuinely exciting American filmmakers. Even his commercials, like the dazzling "America, go forth" spot for Levi's, brim with curiosity and excitement. While his peers do superhero blockbusters or dinky films about relationships in Brooklyn, he makes work that engages with the larger world: "I love getting to enter a whole new place," he says, "or a new historical period."

He garnered critical kudos for his first two films, the immigrant odyssey *Sin Nombre* and his adaptation of *Jane Eyre* with Michael Fassbender and Mia Wasikowska. He won an Emmy for directing every single moment of the first season of *True Detective*—his six-minute uncut action shot in episode four is probably the greatest in TV history. On that show, he coaxed out of Matthew McConaughey the finest acting of his career, and later he saw *Beasts of No Nation* get snapped up by Netflix for a whopping \$12 million.

"Cary," says Idris Elba,

"is the smartest

person in virtually every

room he enters'

All this has made him a white-hot commodity—people line up to work with him. Already busy producing a big-budget new miniseries, *The Alienist*—a historical mystery based on Caleb Carr's best seller (he plans to direct a few episodes)—he has been talking to Steven Spielberg's company about maybe doing an epic on Napoleon. Over omakase one day at the New York restaurant 15 East, his L.A. agent, Jeff Gorin, pulls out his phone and begins scrolling through a list

of Fukunaga's potential projects—it goes on screen after screen after screen.

"Never feel sorry for Cary Fukunaga," his close pal and neighbor Ameer Youssef likes to joke. It's a line his other friends have picked up and that Fukunaga himself finds hilarious. He quotes it to me delightedly.

In person, Fukunaga exudes an unassuming charisma and natural ease. "Cary," says Beasts of No Nation star Idris Elba, "is the smartest person in virtually every room he enters." He speaks three languages, surfs, snowboards, rides mountain bikes. Discreet about his private life and never grandiose ("If I ever started boasting," he says, "my grandparents would come back to life and slap me"), he has dated a number of attractive women—most famously the actress Michelle Williams, most recently a Venezuelan beauty, Daniella Perez, who works in advertising. "He's incredibly charming and gracious," says his friend and Beasts producer Daniela Taplin Lundberg, "and he's a very good listener." At the same time he has lots of male buddies. "There's a bit of an Ian Fleming thing about him," says Amy Kaufman, a friend since she produced Sin Nombre. "Cary knows how to use a rifle and a bow, but he cleans up very nicely in a tux."

There wasn't a lot of call for eveningwear on *Beasts of No Nation*, Fukunaga's powerful, very violent adaptation of the acclaimed novel by the Nigerian-American Uzodinma Iweala. Set in an unnamed African nation, it tells the story of Agu (the newcomer Abraham Attah), a likable little boy whose family is torn apart by civil war. He falls into the hands of a ragtag group of murderous mercenaries led by the inspiring-but-abusive Commandant, played with scary,

visceral force by Elba. As Agu becomes a soldier and starts doing genuinely terrible things (don't ask), we find ourselves wondering, Can this poor boy somehow be saved?

"I've always been drawn to stories that are challenging because they're hard for people to connect to," says Fukunaga. "It's hard to relate to child warriors—all they've lost and all they've done. You can watch them in news headlines, but only through telling their story can you actually begin to see them and their humanity." He pauses. "I know *Beasts* is rough material, but if anything, it's the softest, most palatable version of what really happened."

For Fukunaga, filmmaking isn't simply about creating a product. It's a way of chasing experience, of testing himself against reality in all its difficult density. He loves plunging into landscapes, which is why his work is so brilliant capturing the Yorkshire moors or the desolate Louisiana backlands. He insisted on shooting *Beasts* in Ghana, where no one had ever made a big film, because he wanted the authentic West African landscape, no matter what.

"It was like making a movie on Mars," says Taplin Lundberg. "There was no infrastructure. People got sick; insurance was a nightmare. Actors didn't show up."

Over the course of the five-week shoot, Fukunaga lost 25 pounds and got malaria—"I'd had it before," he tells me, as if it were no big deal. Even though he calls the experience "the hardest thing I've ever done—physically, mentally, emotionally," he himself soldiered on. "He was," Elba tells me, "a very good leader."

How good? One afternoon, we're out on the Hudson aboard the *Sea Eagle*, a 25-foot boat that Fukunaga coowns—yes, he also sails—and I ask his doughty first assistant director on *Beasts*, Jon Mallard, about working in Ghana.

"You kept hearing about all the poisonous snakes, like black mambas, so we hired a local guy whose job it was to go ahead of us and make sure there weren't any around. But when we got to the location, the guy wouldn't do it. So Cary picked up a machete and headed in himself."

ukunaga takes a certain pride in being from Oakland, California, with its scruffy-cool blue-collar ethos. He grew up lower-middle-class with parents whose backgrounds couldn't have been more melting-pot American. While his mother was a dental hygienist of Swedish stock—her father had been a U.S. fighter pilot during World War II—his father, an accountant for the UC Berkeley Extension program, was born in one of the prison camps where the government locked up Japanese-Americans.

Although Fukunaga has spent time in Sweden and admires its minimalist aesthetic, he clearly identifies more with his Japanese side. He says he inherited its work ethic ("the Asian thing," he laughs), still uses his Japanese name, Joji, as "a sign of respect" for his grandparents, and thinks a lot about what happened to them during World War II. His grandfather was what was known as a No-No Boy, one of the Japanese-Americans who refused to sign loyalty oaths or fight for America precisely because they'd had their rights taken away.

"I was always fascinated by this as a kid," he tells me over breakfast one morning in L.A., "but my grandparents would only say, 'Why do you want to know? Our story's not important.' "He laughs. "So of course I wanted to know more what people weren't telling me."

His parents broke up when he was four—his father has been married three times, his mother five—and he spent his childhood hopscotching from city to city around the Bay Area as part of a much-blended family. He has two brothers and an adopted little sister. When they can, they still get together at Christmas.

Perhaps because his external circumstances were so fluid, he found himself drawn to things that demand extraordinary precision. "There are," he says, "only three things I've ever wanted to be—fighter pilot, architect, and film director." He still remembers being wowed by Spielberg's *Empire of the Sun* when he was ten. "I related to how the kid's imagination goes so far beyond everyday experience. Seeing it was one of the things that drove me to make movies."

But before doing that, he pursued an even wilder dream, to be a professional snowboarder: "I loved the adrenaline of it." While a student at UC Santa Cruz, where he first became fascinated by child soldiers, he spent a year abroad studying at the Institut d'Études Politiques de Grenoble, which, not coincidentally, happened to be at the foot of the French Alps.

"I blew out my knee the first month I was there," he says, but adds that this wasn't what really killed his professional dreams. "I just wasn't good enough."

And so, after eighteen months as a camera PA and assistant in L.A.—he worked on a Destiny's Child video—he wound up in NYU's film program. Often serving as his own cinematographer, he went on to make short films, one of which provided the inspiration for *Sin Nombre*, an exquisitely shot Sundance prizewinner about Central American immigrants illegally riding the rails through Mexico to *El Norte*. Making it involved doing dangerous research in the world of human traffickers and riding atop railway cars racing through the countryside.

"Cary's an adventurer at heart," says Michelle Monaghan, who became his friend while playing Woody Harrelson's long-suffering wife on *True Detective* (she liked the way he took her role so seriously). You feel that in his films, which throw him into situations ranging from the arduous to the downright dangerous; he's always searching for something you haven't seen before.

Fukunaga is known for keeping an even keel on set, but this doesn't mean he isn't uncommonly demanding. "He wants people who are 110 percent there," says Taplin Lundberg. "Cary's easier to get along with if you agree with him." This led to some issues on *True Detective*, where he famously feuded with the series's creator, Nic Pizzolatto, who, in the show's second season, satirized a director transparently modeled on Fukunaga. Fukunaga doesn't talk about their battles, at least not publicly. Then again, he doesn't need to. It was he, not Pizzolatto, who won the Emmy, and the debacle of season two left everyone giving him even more credit for the success of season one. Never feel sorry for Cary Fukunaga.

One afternoon, he takes me to his small apartment in the West Village—surfboards lean against the entry wall as you step in. The whole place is stuffed with the many appurtenances of Fukunaga's wide-ranging interests. There's a polo mallet, an Eames chair, a bookcase crammed with volumes

on a huge range of subjects—African history, the life of Che Guevara, art books by David Lynch and Yayoi Kusama, a copy of Stephen King's thick novel *It* (which Fukunaga almost made into a two-part film this year before pulling out over differences with the studio). On the walls hang framed photos by Alex Prager and Bruce Davidson, and the last known portrait of the actor Steve McQueen, which was given to him by Dame Judi Dench after they worked together on *Jane Eyre*.

I spot a golden trophy balanced awkwardly on a messy table. "What's this?"

"Oh, that?" He looks slightly abashed. "It's my BAFTA for *True Detective*. I don't like having these things out, but I don't have a place to store it."

"Where's your Emmy?"

"In the closet."

As I look around, it seems obvious that Fukunaga has too big a life for such a tiny apartment. He clearly feels the same. In the months since I first met him in April,



MACHETES AND MAYHEM

Idris Elba, playing a warlord, on the Ghana set of Beasts of No Nation.

he's bought himself a restored farmhouse—different parts of which were built in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—on 25 acres in upstate New York. "I want to be landed gentry," he says.

He's kidding, but like so many jokes, it hints at something real: the gap between how Fukunaga's life feels to him from the inside and how it looks from the outside.

At one point, his publicist had suggested that I might watch him play polo, but he told me he'd prefer not—"It seems too bougie."

Maybe so, I said, but you play polo and you like it. And you have all this other bourgeois stuff, too—you own horses and an Airstream and a new house and a new Audi. You went to the Met gala. So why worry that you might come across as bougie?

"I think," he replies carefully, "it's because I grew up in a kind of socialist family where you weren't supposed be into that kind of thing. And I still CONTINUED ON PAGE 259

Tragic

Magic

Keira Knightley makes her Broadway debut in the Roundabout's torrid new *Thérèse Raquin*. By Adam Green. Photographed by Mikael Jansson.

or Keira Knightley, the current state of the relationship between life and art could best be described as ironic: On the one hand, she's a new mother (she and her husband, James Righton, welcomed their daughter, Edie, in May) getting ready to make her Broadway debut in the Roundabout Theatre Company's Thérèse Raquin; on the other, she's playing a depressive, homicidal adulteress who kills herself at the end of the play. "It's a totally wonderful, happy moment in my life, and here I am doing . . . this," she says, laughing and breaking into her famously sunny smile, more benediction than mere facial expression. "It's bizarre. I said yes to it before I knew I was pregnant. And then there was the question of, Oh, God, do I need to pull out? My mum and another friend of mine said, 'Absolutely not! You're a working woman. Your daughter has to know that's where she comes from, and that's part of you. You stick to your plans.' So I did what I was told."

As the repressed title character of Helen Edmundson's new adaptation of Émile Zola's 1867 novel, under the direction of Evan Cabnet, Knightley always does as she's told, including marrying her sickly, narcissistic cousin Camille (Gabriel Ebert) at the behest of her aunt (Judith Light). Soon, though, Thérèse falls into a torrid affair with Camille's friend Laurent (Matt Ryan), awakening her long-submerged sexual hunger—and rage—and leading to the two of them drowning Camille before succumbing to fear, mutual loathing, and double suicide.

Knightley, who's proved with terrific London stage performances in *The Misanthrope* and *The Children's Hour* that she's no slumming movie star, was offered the chance to play Thérèse in two earlier productions and turned both down because, she says, "it scared me—melodrama is a tricky fucker, and I think that I just didn't get it." But she fell in love with the almost-stylized musicality of Edmundson's dialogue and the chance to explore the effects of doing one's duty while swallowing one's feelings ("a horrendous concoction for tragedy and disaster, CONTINUED ON PAGE 259









rooster stalks proudly to the edge

o you want to meet Simon?" asks Christophe Comoy as he places a worn straw hat on his head. "Seee-mon!" He whistles shrilly, and Simon, a haughty Marans

rooster, stalks proudly to the edge of his fenced-in kingdom and lets out a salutary cry. He is one of three cocks currently reigning over Combenègre, the summer home in the southwestern Midi-Pyrénées region shared by Comoy and the Paris-based Argentinian architect Luis Laplace. The couple, partners in life and business (Comoy left a career in finance to run Laplace's firm), purchased the estate from Comoy's cousins six years ago when his grandmother, the house's longtime proprietor, passed away.

"Christophe, his passion is to go with the chickens. He spends hours with them," says Laplace, who prefers to spend time in the local villages and trawling nearby *brocantes*, and admits he likes his chicken from the supermarket. "He talks to them, then the chickens follow him up to the house." Two of Simon's hens even joined the *Vogue* photo shoot earlier in the summer, although one, Odette, got fed up half-way through and flew out the window, never to be seen again. "She just said, 'I'm tired of it,' "Comoy says with a mournful sigh. "*Ça va, Ico?*" he asks as the couple's fog-gray Korat cat mewls plaintively at the coop's perimeter. "*Il est jaloux*."

The chicken coops sit below the house near the farm's apiary. In the pantry, Laplace and Comoy have an entire armoire filled with honey—pale yellow from *les fleurs d'été*, dark gold from chestnut flowers in winter—as well as a medley of jams made with berries from the vast *potager*, or vegetable garden. When the couple return to Paris on the hour-long flight from nearby Toulouse, they travel with eggs, honey, courgettes. "We traffic, basically," Comoy jokes. Last year Comoy made tomato sauce for days to deal with the endless kilos of tomatoes. This season he is overwhelmed by berries and plums, and has already set to work on preserves. You have to be patient with these, he tells me, holding an underripe blackberry between thumb and forefinger. "You can't pull them off. When they are finally ripe, they should fall into your hand."

A similar philosophy has been applied throughout this seventeenth-century onetime vineyard in *la France profonde*, where every detail feels lovingly and patiently addressed. The couple waited three years to find perfectly sized poplar beams for the restored stable, and throughout the house various caveats are offered regarding ongoing and future projects: a planned Moroccan hammam in the barn, a possible painting atelier. At first sight the whole rambling affair seems a world

The facade of the 17-century house, trimmed with hydrangeas.
 A sitting room with an antique Portuguese chandelier and upholstered pieces by Du Long et Du Lé.
 Fuchsia oleander plants flank the arch of the barn.
 A view of the front of the house.
 The restored stable, now used as a seasonal dining room.
 A château-salvaged oak workbench in the kitchen.
 Simon, the Marans rooster.
 The gate to the potager, or vegetable garden.









away from the clean and deliberate yet boldly chromatic designs in Laplace's portfolio. And yet, on closer inspection, the exacting attention and deference to culture here recall a sharp-cornered villa he built for a client in Ibiza, or his celebrated transformation of a Somerset farm into Hauser & Wirth's newest exhibition space, Durslade Farmhouse. "He has a soft touch," says Iwan Wirth. "Whether it's a restoration of an old building or simply choosing a fabric, his ability to have not a single Luis style but to speak all these architectural languages—that is his great quality."

"I'm always trying to preserve the quirkiness of the house," says Laplace as he ducks under a slanted doorframe leading into Combenègre's master bedroom. "The way it grew was very natural, very unacademic." The oldest section—the cave, or wine cellar—dates to 1661, the year they discovered etched into the oak *foudre*, a massive wine-making vat. Under Laplace and Comoy's supervision, the *foudre* was dismantled and the planks turned into a dining table in the former stable, which now serves as a seasonal dining room.

Many of the other furnishings in the house remain from Comoy's grandmother, but they have been personalized to suit the couple's aesthetic: A mahogany armoire in the dining room, for instance, has the doors removed to reveal a neatly stacked china collection. "We preferred it without the door—it was a bit baroque," explains Laplace. "The house needed a lot of work. A lot," adds Comoy a bit wearily. "My grandmother lived in Toulouse, and this was a summerhouse—you know, typical French, a bit dusty, and then à la Toussaint [November 1] you close it, and you reopen it at *Pâques* [Easter]." Laplace and Comoy, however, use the house year-round. Christmas is spent grilling duck sausages over a blazing fireplace with Laplace's three siblings and their children, visiting from Buenos Aires for the holiday.

When the couple met at a Christmas party in a Chelsea apartment in 2001, both were living in New York, Laplace working for the architect Annabelle Selldorf, and Comoy, a lawyer by trade, toiling in finance. Three years later they decamped to Paris, where Laplace opened his firm and Comoy eventually joined as business partner. "My goal is to take care of what Luis should not have to take care of, so he can focus on creativity," says Comoy. In Paris their perfectly appointed apartment is on the third floor of their showroom and office building. "Yes, sometimes we talk about work on the weekend or at night," admits Comoy, "but I mean it's also a lifestyle. Our work is not regular work, in a way."

On this late July afternoon Laplace has arrived at Combenègre from Gstaad, where he is restoring a chalet once owned by Gunter Sachs and installing an art gallery in the space. The architect is adept at catering to the needs of an environment where fine art is a priority: For a chalet in Megève he fashioned a swimming pool around a hallucinogenic film installation by artist Pipilotti Rist, and for a home in Majorca he designed a vast living room to accommodate a nearly tenfoot-high Louise Bourgeois spider.

"We don't really have a formula," explains Laplace of his approach. "Each project can be very, very different. I love to think of context, culture, geography." Laplace traveled throughout the Albi region before beginning the Combenègre restoration. "We visited farms, estates, churches, flea markets, and museums," he says, which helped him understand the local materials as well as the area's history as the center of the pastel trade. One discovery was a woman

who hand-mixes traditional lime paints from plants including the pastel plant, known for its indelible indigo hue. A deep-violet sitting room is the result of crushed flax, dame's rocket, and lavender, while the rich cream of the central stairway is made from wheat; the tiny powder room under the stairs glows like the inside of a ruby.

aplace is known for his deft use of color, challenging the notion that contemporary architects shy away from vibrant hues. He painted the entrance hall of Durslade Farmhouse a brilliant red and added riotous Bantu-print curtains in Cindy Sherman's Left Bank pied-à-terre. "He just does it very naturally," Sherman says of Laplace's bold combinations. "In some cases I was skeptical, because they're not obvious choices, but they really work."

Vintage cow and horse busts, rescued from old butchershop wall displays, survey Combenègre's activities from high perches. One wooden mare's head wears a Renaissance crown. The stairwell is decorated with a collection of ornithological prints collected from an antiques dealer in Paris. Comoy, a bird lover, picked only species that can be found in this region: tawny owls, Eurasian Golden orioles, European greenfinches and goldfinches, gray herons. On the third floor, vintage cognac leather gym mattresses are stacked for napping or lounging, and two large wooden grape troughs from the Champagne region—plus one of the house's recycled doors—serve as a TV console. In the evenings the couple head up there to watch Apple TV. "U.S.!" Comoy says proudly, thanks to Laplace's American credit card. "So we watch movies here that are in the theaters in Paris." The attic provides a sweeping view of the property's 120 acres, a vast patchwork of fields full of corn, rape, sunflowers, and wheat.

When Comoy and Laplace bought the estate, the grounds surrounding the house were wild. "We did a lot of work with the Caterpillar." The way Comoy pronounces *cah-ter-pee-lahr* makes it sound impossibly chic and not at all like a garden appliance. The planting they have done feels natural. Linden leaves crunch underfoot from the branches overhead, and red beeches provide thick pockets of shade. Comoy proudly introduces the trees he has planted: a Lebanese cedar, a young acacia, a still spindly locust. On the other side of the house a neat apple orchard overlooks a recently added linden allée.

Downstairs Laplace adds utensils to platters laid out on a large oak working bench. Comoy checks the lamb chops on the open fire, which, until the couple added the Aga stove, was the way things were cooked. "My grandmother used only the fire. Everything, even the coffee. She had no oven."

Lunch is served on the massive table in the converted stable. Except for the meat—fire-grilled pork, lamb, and beef brochettes from the butcher in nearby Gaillac—everything comes from the *potager*. Potato salad with dill and onions, tomatoes sliced with basil, green beans with shallots. Berries picked this morning are removed from the freezer at the end.

"Do you prefer cassis or raspberry?" Comoy asks. Raspberry is decided upon, and Comoy transports the berries from a frozen Ziploc to the silver cylinder of the Thermomix. With the addition of an egg white and the proud flip of the switch, three minutes later the deed is done, and Comoy serves berries transformed into a rich and gelato-like consistency. "Et voilà! Sorbet!"



The Second Act

The best chefs know that an improvised next-day meal is when inspiration can strike. Oliver Strand sings the praises of leftovers. Photographed by Eric Boman.

he last time I made a holiday meal, I bought too much food. It wasn't because I set out to overload the table, even though that's exactly what happened, the platters and serving bowls piled high like in a still life from the golden age of Dutch painting. It was because when I cook for the holidays, I'm not only thinking of what I'm going to serve for dinner, I'm fantasizing about what I'll make

ing to serve for dinner, I'm fantasizing about what I'll make the following day, when the morning is spent reading in bed and food starts to sound like a good idea again around noon. I roasted Normandy ducks that year. They were the classic

beauties of a Time-Life cookbook, the skin lacquered to a deep mahogany. The meal was delicious enough, but it was the duck hash I made the next day that we still talk about. The ingredients were scavenged from what was already in the kitchen (some Kotobuki sweet potatoes—a Japanese cultivar that tastes like chestnuts—plus onions, scallions, parsley, thyme), the cooking basic (cast-iron pan, medium-high flame), the presentation casual (one bowl per person). It all took one minute of rummaging through the refrigerator and ten minutes of noodling around on the stovetop, but the meal was so satisfying that the flavors still circulate in that part of the memory that holds on to food you long to taste again.

I love leftovers. For some, they're a diminished version of the original, scraps you wrap in plastic and turn to out of desperation. But I see them as an opportunity to cook with foods whose flavors have been deepened by roasting or braising or grilling, building on the work you already invested. Ideally, leftovers improve on the original. It's an invitation to improvise. If you're up to the challenge, you shift cuisines, glide over continents. That leg of lamb that tasted so authentically French can be transfigured by a squeeze of harissa and a side of fattoush, or by a slow simmer with chickpeas and crushed tomatoes and curry spices. It's all in the attitude.

Really, it's cooking like a professional. Restaurant margins are so thin there's no room for waste, and a creative kitchen will put every bit of food to delicious use. "Leftovers become a source of inspiration," the chef Alex Raij tells me. Raij and her husband, the chef Eder Montero, own three intimate Spanish restaurants in New York you go to when you ache to taste what you ate when you were last in Basque country. When you talk to Raij, you work hard to keep up. Her voice—frayed from the strain of speaking to her cooks in her kitchens and to her young children at home—moves

at an unrelenting pace. "You wouldn't advertise the birth of the dish as being leftovers, if you know what I mean, but you start to think, Can I turn all this into semifreddo? And then you become obsessed with semifreddo."

Or you become obsessed with migas (the word means "crumbs"), a Spanish comfort food that turns stale bread into crunchy, succulent, golden-brown morsels steeped with flavor. "It's just day-old bread cooked in some flavorful fat, which is usually olive oil, and with ham, which turns it into something exquisite," Raij says. It's a classic, one of the great contributions to leftover cuisine. You can usually find migas with eggs and chorizo on the menu at La Vara, an understated restaurant on a leafy Brooklyn street that was awarded a 2015 Michelin star. You can also find a sweet take on migas on the dessert menu, made with the dry ends of cakes. "We bind it with a little butter and sugar and bake it off," Raij says. She'll add poached plums or pears if they're in season, or dried fruit plumped up with brandy, or whatever will add contrast and end a meal on a satisfying note. "It's our answer to a fruit crisp."

This is a fluid kind of cooking that doesn't adhere to a particular recipe. Instead, Raij looks at what she has in front of her and makes connections. Sometimes the ideas that surface are simply practical: Stray pieces of poached salmon are flaked and folded into a rillette; odd ends of chorizo and ham and morcilla make it into a dish called alubias con sacramentos, or beans with the sacraments (in Spain, adding pork is an act of piety). Sometimes the ideas are inspired. Raij saves the rich liquid that collects in the pan after peppers are roasted to drizzle over egg dishes, a sauce made from drippings that are usually poured down the drain. "It's turning something that was a part of a main dish into a condiment," Raij says. "It feels internally clever."

That emotion is important. It's gratifying to scavenge the remains of yesterday's dishes. It's like the feeling you get from having packed perfectly for a trip (every piece of clothing worn, every book read) or inbox zero (that rare moment when your email inbox is completely empty). Call it icebox zero, and if it doesn't play well with an audience—nobody wants to see your empty Tupperware on Instagram—the private sense of accomplishment is enough. Some victories are personal.

One of the more endearing terms in the restaurant industry is *family meal*, the euphemistic name for the 30-minute break when the staff is fed. Usually it falls in the middle of the afternoon. For the servers

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NOTICE

Between bleaching and hot-tool habits designed to straighten, de-frizz, and obliterate natural texture, your hair may be long overdue for a damage detox. By Maya Singer. Photographed by Tim Walker.

h, God. It's been such an ordeal."
Olivia Kim, director of creative projects for Nordstrom, is talking to me about her hair. For six years, the Opening Ceremony alum was a platinum blonde—a runway staple, a signature look for her and one much copied by her nearly 14,000 Instagram followers. That constituency was in for a shock when Kim reemerged last winter with a jet-black bob. She'd gone back to her natural color—and that was the ordeal.

"My hair was super-duper damaged. I mean, you take Asian jet-black hair to white-blonde . . . ," Kim says with a sigh. Her hair was breaking, she says. Bleach had made the strands porous—her colorist had to "patch" the holes before she could dye it over. The process, which Kim thought would serve as a respite from the onerous rituals of platinumizing, wound up taking five hours. Now there's upkeep. "The logical thing was to chop it, so there would be less to maintain," Kim notes. "I just keep cutting. I'm dreaming of the day when all the hair on my head is my hair, the hair I was born with."

I've never been a platinum blonde, but I can identify. Like Kim, I've recently undertaken a detox for my locks, which are beaten up from years of straightening. I've felt defined by my thick, coarse, unruly curls since I was twelve, when my family moved to Florida and the swamplike Orlando atmosphere made them explode in every direction at once. Since then, I've done everything possible to make my hair flat and personality-free—blow-outs, untold hours before the mirror with a flatiron, toxic relaxers, the works. I think, subconsciously, I hoped that my hair would get with the program at some point, like a conquered nation submitting to the new laws of the land. But in the end, my hair conquered me.

Succumbing to my strands was a two-part process that started with a piece on Julie Christie by the film critic Pauline Kael that I read in college. Of the British pop icon, Kael noted that she "has that gift that beautiful actresses sometimes have of suddenly turning ugly and of being even more fascinating because of the crossover." That line forever changed the way I thought about beauty: Prettiness, I realized, was a static state, whereas beauty could be kinetic and unpredictable and, in a word, interesting. The

second part—which came much later—evolved from my being sick of the rigamarole. There was the cost, in terms of both money and time, and beyond that, fighting my natural texture was taking an emotional toll. I hated waking up on summer days dreading humidity. Or sweat. Or rain. Plus, I missed swimming. Once I got back into the pool for morning laps, my fantasies of lanky Jane Birkin locks became impossible to sustain. Daily blow-outs? No, thanks. I went cold turkey on the hot tools. And, like Kim, I chopped off the damage in an attempt to start anew.

What is damage? The term is a catch-all for various maladies: Frizz, split ends, brittleness, dullness-all are due to some combination of hair's being stripped of its moisture and the degrading of the hair cuticle, which is composed of the protein keratin. The result is fragile hair with zero bounce. Women who bleach also suffer the depredations of oxidation, a breakdown in the protein bonds of the hair due to overexposure to hydrogen peroxide. Oxidation can also occur naturally as we age due to a reduction in the hairhealth enzyme catalase, but either way, it weakens strands and causes them to appear filament-thin. Then there's heat styling, which induces a whole other kind of structural damage. "When you blow-dry or iron, you're stretching your hair," Purely Perfect creator Michael Gordon tells me. "Think of a coil that's lost the ability to spring back—that's from wet hair being tugged, pulled, or burned." Hair that has lost its ability to spring back needs to be cut off, he insists; once the damage is done, there's no reversing it. And to avoid repeating the mistakes of the past, Gordon urges women to forgo harsh shampoos and switch to detergentfree products, like his cult-favorite Cleansing Creme, for a vast improvement in look and feel.

Of course, not everyone is ready to cut, de-blonde, or dispense with the sundry devices she relies on to stifle waywardness. For those hopeful holdouts, there is Kérastase's new Résistance Thérapiste line, which purports to repair existing damage and promote stronger growth while infusing protein into hair to reinforce the fiber. Lea Journo's Pro Series replenishes oils and proteins with botanical substitutes and is actually activated by heat—a boon for hot-tool loyalists.

Towheads Erika McKellar and Elisa Hills's new BLNDN line specifically targets CONTINUED ON PAGE 260



STEAL of the MONTH SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS Mia Wasikowska Mia Wasikowska wears an Anna Sui chiffon dress, \$499; shopbop com. Eric Javits hat, \$375; ericjavits .com. Hair, Gregory Russell: makeup, Ozzy Salvatierra. Photographed at One Gun Ranch. Details, see In This Issue. Fashion Editor Fashion Editor: Sara Moonves.



Crimson Tide

Mia Wasikowska lends her eccentric elegance to the season's most beautiful scary movie. Photographed by Angelo Pennetta.

tephen King championing a new horror movie is a bit like Kanye West talking up a young music producer it's the summa cum laude of endorsements. So expectations for Crimson Peak have been understandably high since March, when the author tweeted about Guillermo del Toro's new blood-soaked Victorian ghost story. "[It] electrified me in the same way Sam Raimi's Evil Dead electrified me when I saw it for the first time," King wrote. "Gorgeous and just fucking terrifying." At the center of Crimson Peak is Mia Wasikowska, the 26-year-old actress who lives in Sydney, Australia, but possesses a not-of-thisworld quality that has become her calling card among auteur directors.

Wasikowska has starred as the title character in Cary Joji Fukunaga's mist-shrouded *Jane Eyre*, as Tilda Swinton's vampire kid sister in Jim Jarmusch's *Only Lovers Left Alive*, and opposite Johnny Depp's Mad Hatter in Tim Burton's *Alice in Wonderland* (the sequel, *Alice Through the Looking Glass*, is due out next year). "I get a lot of characters that are women-in-waiting," she says of another role, in David Cronenberg's *Maps to the Stars*, "so I really got off on playing a quirky psychopath."

In *Crimson Peak*, Wasikowska is a nineteenth-century London bride brought to live at the crumbling—and haunted—country home of her aristocratic husband (Tom Hiddleston). With a proven track record of making period pieces feel wholly modern, she bears much of the weight of the drama on her slender-framed shoulders. "I've never done something on this scale before," she says. "It's not subtle."

—MARK GUIDUCCI







CADET

Mexico City-born Raul Arevalo, 47 (FAR LEFT), and Seattle-raised Brad Schmidt, 41 (FAR RIGHT, with Nick Jonas), are the forces behind New York's military-influenced label Cadet. "People say military is so one-note, but there are centuries of it to pull from," says Schmidt. Since launching in 2011, they've built a sharply drawn wardrobe of army/navy separates, with a trident of retail stores in Manhattan and Brooklyn to boot. Spring marks the first time they're selling womenswear, including a jumpsuit reimagined after finding a World War II—era photograph of a paratrooper squadron known as the Filthy Thirteen. "My specialty is fit," says Arevalo with typical sniper's precision. "Even if there's just a little pull here or there, it bothers me."

CG

For Chris Gelinas, 31, CG is a deeply personal endeavor, harking back to his Ontarian childhood, when he cut his teeth on his great-grandmother's 70-pound Singer sewing machine (still a cherished possession). "I want the label to be something that you have to seek out—I want you to feel like you're finding a prize," he says. His slowburn approach translates to clothes that are wholly thoughtful, equal parts razor's-edge exact (the slight curvature to a blazer; the buttoned slits on a day dress) and quietly refined with soft sophistication—a striking balance clearly attributable to his A-league résumé (Marc Jacobs, Proenza Schouler, Balenciaga, and Theyskens' Theory). "It's taking the idea of delicateness," says Gelinas, "and positioning it as a strength."



THADDEUS O'NEIL

Sinewy and blond, Thaddeus O'Neil, 39 (CENTER, with his son Cassius, three, and model RJ Rogenski), is a surfer first and a designer second—which isn't at all to suggest his priorities are mixed up. "It starts with the ocean," he says of his aesthetic jump-off, "and ocean people. There's an effortlessness about their way." His three-yearold brand channels the salty good life through comfortable shapes and fabrics (think Ultrasuede board shorts), tropical motifs (for spring, a print of "the Lone Ranger and Tonto in the gardens of Henri Rousseau"), and adventuresome vibes—the man has ridden swells from Japan to his hometown break on Long Island. He's also a provocateur: O'Neil's most recent men's show caused a stir with a squad of bloodstained models. "I started imagining a vampire surf-cult brood," he says, "all friendly in the water-but onshore, they devour you.'



JONATHAN SIMKHAI

Jonathan Simkhai, 30, has always been hawkeyed when it comes to noticing what women want to buy. Growing up in Westchester, New York, he'd go to the mall with his mother on the weekends, then talk up his teachers about their fashion choices at school. "I'd be like, 'Oh, your skirt is cute; is that from so-and-so?' " says Simkhai, FAR LEFT. Such ingenuity has served him well, as his now five-year-old label, known primarily for sexy mesh-centric dresses and twists on men's-inspired shirting, resides at a lucrative sweet spot of cross-generational appeal and It-girl approval—"from my mom's friends in Mamaroneck to the Gigis [Hadid, FAR RIGHT] and the Kendalls," as he puts it.



BROTHER VELLIES

Native Torontonian Aurora James, 31 (FAR RIGHT, with musician Shamir), first appreciated footwear after a childhood tour of her mother's well-traveled closet: "Inuit mukluks, Danish clogs—she'd tell me their stories," James says. Something about the faraway nature of those treasures and their tales nestled in her imagination and later blossomed as Brother Vellies, her made-in-Africa accessories line that celebrates—and sustains—regional artisanship with an eco-chic lean. (James's workshops on the continent produce pointy-toed babouche slippers from Marrakech and tire-tread sandals from Nairobi—some with pebbles still lodged in the soles.) Keep an eye out for effortlessly chic flap-closured box bags, new this spring.

CHROMAT

Becca McCharen, 31 (NEAR RIGHT, with singersongwriter Tinashe), would like to offer a warning to any future Chromat employees: "Your first week working here, your brain melts from all the math." This Virginia native approaches her five-year-old label—a hybridized line of engineered swimwear, lingerie, and now sportswear—through the matrices of Excel and CAD, using her architecture background to form carbonfiber "wings," patent leather body cages, and intelligent underwear (including, in a partnership with Intel, a self-ventilating mechanized bra that tracks your sweat levels and heart rate). And she's convinced that the world has seen only the tip of the fashion-tech iceberg: "I'm imagining a day when you can hack the Givenchy collection right off the runway," she says, "apply it to your body scan, and 3-D print it in the color of your choice."



DAVID HART

"At sixteen, I took a sewing class to meet girls," says the Annapolis, Maryland-born, Brooklynbased designer David Hart, 33 (FAR LEFT, with singer-songwriter Nick Waterhouse). "I was surprisingly good at it-I even made some of their prom dresses in the end." His skill and charm would earn him a scholarship to F.I.T., where he specialized in women's eveningwear, and, eventually, his own men's brand, introduced at Bergdorf Goodman in 2009. He's since built a thoroughly mid-century collection, its doo-wop mix spanning knitted camp shirts, prepster bermudas, Bauhaus-blocked blazers, and color-splashed formal pieces. "We've really moved into a streetwear-driven culture," the designer says. "Putting on a suit is almost rebellious."



BAJA EAST

Baja East was born of transience. "We saw a void," says John Targon, 32, FAR LEFT, of the decision to start the now two-year-old label to put out, as cofounder Scott Studenberg, 32, describes it, "gender-obsolescent clothes that are beachy and laid-back, but with a city-aggressive vibe." What that means: rich leather ponchos, pooling cashmere sweatpants, and wind-licked flyaway shirts, equally appropriate on Rodeo Drive or at the Rockaways, and all of them an embodiment of modern luxury viewed through the prism of the street. Spring promises tie-dyed logomania tees, as well as what Targon describes as "rhinestone-studded track jackets, but cool—the kind you'd literally see at a Celine Dion concert."



















dashing.

Jera Gradley
verabradley.com





REBEL WITH A CAUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 217

Cambodia, as well as lawyers for unaccompanied immigrant children in the U.S., demining programs, and environmental and wildlife conservation. And Jolie Pitt's work with UNHCR is everevolving. I speak to the high commissioner, António Guterres, who has one of the toughest jobs on the planet at this moment and gets right to the point. "Let's be honest, people do this to benefit their image," he says. Not her. "When I try to make what she does more public, she is always very shy. She prefers to be with refugees, visit the families and do it without media. Which I tell you is uncommon," he says quickly. "As you know, many celebrities are weak on details of the problem, and the devil is in the details." The people she meets-mayors, local officials, whoever they might be-"They're surprised that someone like her comes and discusses the problem of the bathrooms."

It's the Angelina effect, one that can also make critics roll their eyes when she seems to be everywhere at once. While that may be the case, she doesn't suffer from the familiar "five-minutism" of celebrities showing a fleeting interest in global causes. In fact Jolie Pitt is vigilant—she resigned from the U.K.based mine-clearing charity, the Halo Trust, when it was discovered that funds had been misused-and doesn't let an issue drop. Laura Silber, coauthor of The Death of Yugoslavia, recalls her skepticism when she was first contacted to help with accuracy on Jolie Pitt's directing debut, In the Land of Blood and Honey, about the Bosnian War. "Most Hollywood people don't have a sustained interest in an issue," she says. "But after the movie, Angelina wanted to understand the roots of the conflict and how she could leave a lasting contribution to change lives—which she did. That really set her apart."

I catch up with Jolie Pitt again by phone in London on September 4, two days after Alan Kurdi, a three-year-old Syrian Kurdish boy, washed up on a Turkish beach, and the image of his little body was shaming politicians and breaking hearts all over the world. As special envoy on refugees, I ask her, what do you do in the midst of this crisis? She hesitates. She's upset, like anyone, but isn't shocked. She's been testifying to the Security Council and advocating for Syrian refugees for the last four years. "Part of my day today is hours of discussion in the office to try and communicate not just concern but coherent ideas," she says. Three days later, she will publish an Op-Ed coauthored with Arminka Helic—a British member of the House of Lords and former Bosnian refugee—calling upon the public to prioritize Syrian refugees and to pursue a diplomatic end to the war with the same vigor with which they pursued the Iran nuclear deal.

We talk about the personal connections she has made with families, friends all over the world, and how to navigate the complexities of "help." "In a strange way I don't think about it as helping my child or someone else's child," she says. By way of example, she talks about an initiative that started in 2003. "I went into Cambodia to put aside a little place for Maddox"—her fourteen-year-old, whom she had adopted from Cambodia the year before—"and do a little community development," she says. When she found out that poachers were destroying the wildlife in the neighboring Samlout national park, she started a conservation program and hired the poachers as rangers. Within a few years she had created schools, roads, and clinics, and experimented with economist Jeffrey Sachs's ideas for Millennium villages designed to help break the cycle of poverty.

It is mind-boggling to think of the numbers of projects emanating from her office. How does she juggle films, humanitarian work, speeches, husband, six children? (Named an honorary dame by Queen Elizabeth II, she will be addressing the House of Lords in a few days on the subject of sexual violence in warfare.) "I schedule individual time with each of the kids like a crazy person," she says. "I know what I'm doing with my boys tonight"-her friend Mariane Pearl, whom she played in A Mighty Heart, is on her way over with her son, Adam. They'll go out and then "play board games all night."

Recently, Jolie Pitt says, she was working with her voice coach for *Maleficent* in an office in her house. "I closed the door. One kid came in and another came in and there was a fight outside the door." A few weeks later, Brad was using the office, "so I did my voice lessons in the center of the house in full view on the kitchen table. And nobody bothered me. Not one interruption." She laughs a long time on the phone. "It was very clear to me that if they can see you and hear you and you're right in the room, they actually give you a certain space."

Being at the center of everything seems to be the place where Angelina thrives. And yet her growing influence in her many spheres of operation carries its own risk of compromising the fiercely independent spirit that got her here. Being the leader of Angelinastan, a place of art and humanitarianism, decadence and generosity, politics and power, requires a certain megalomania, unstoppable ambition, and a need and ability to control the plot. "She's not easy, but easy is overrated," observes Mangold. Power is a tricky

thing—you need it to have an impact on a global scale, but what sacrifices will she have to make for the sake of diplomacy?

The coming months will see her moving forward with her Cambodian film, for which she will spend time in schools and orphanages playing games with kids to find a seven-year-old lead for her adaptation of Loung Ung's memoir First They Killed My Father. It's Ung's childhood story of torture, death, and survival under the Khmer Rouge. She had sent the book to Angelina shortly after she returned from filming Lara Croft: Tomb Raider and was speaking out about land mines. They became fast friends, and it was Ung-orphaned by the Khmer Rouge—to whom Jolie Pitt turned to ensure she was doing the right thing when she decided in 2001 to adopt a baby boy she'd met in an orphanage—the young Maddox. The movie, on which she has teamed up with award-winning Cambodian filmmaker and archivist Rithy Panh, will be her love letter to the country that changed her life and of which she is now a citizen. "It's a very unusual film," she says. "There's not a lot of dialogue. A child experiences more than she talks." The film will be in Khmer; the wardrobe will be made in Cambodia. "I'll be making it with the Cambodians every step of the way," she says. It's her insurance policy against any unintentional disrespect. "I will feel the ghosts of a million people who died. It's their story and their skulls in the ground. And that is a great responsibility." Maddox will research archives and history and work on the shoot. "So will Pax," she adds. "The film will change Mad, but as much as he's discovering the horrors of the past, he'll also be discovering the culture before the war, the dignity of his country, how they held their heads up."

She has also been trying to develop a film about the Kenya-based wildlife conservationist Richard Leakey. Here, you see how the worlds she straddles offer her different routes to the same end. If the project doesn't pan out, she says, "I can work with Leakey and do just as much good." And then there's Cleopatra, based on Stacy Schiff's 2010 history. It was the movie at the center of the scandal of the hacked Sony emails, in which it was described as a "\$180m ego bath" for Angelina. ("I was enraged," says Eric Roth, the screenwriter on the project, "but she has enough confidence that she didn't engage in any of it.") As Jolie Pitt says, "It's a hard one to get right. It needs to be about something other than sex and jewelry. She was a very complicated leader of a country." She's interested in Cleopatra as an astute politician, says Roth, in her humanity, how she relates to her children and the people of Egypt; you can see why Angelina would want this role.

Angelina doesn't see herself acting forever. "What a crazy job!" she says. "I'm almost enjoying it more now that I see it as something I've been fortunate to be part of. Maybe in the next few years I'll finish being in front of the camera. I'll be happier behind it," she continues. "I'm happy to be home. I want to really focus on my children, doing the best I can to guide and protect them before they are out of the house. These are their most important years."

Star is really the wrong word for Jolie Pitt. It implies a fire millions of miles away, and though she loves to fly her Cirrus SR22, she is focused, pragmatically so, on earthly ambitions and earthly troubles. Much has been speculated on the growing political role she seems to be moving toward. She has formed JP.D.H London, a slightly unorthodox nonprofit, with Chloe Dalton and Arminka Helic, whom she met when they were advisors to British Foreign Secretary William Hague and working on the initiative to prevent sexual violence in conflict. She is careful in how she characterizes the next phase in her career as non-state actor on the international stage, but it's clear she'll never stop testing herself. "I'd like to be part of international work, and see where I can be useful, whatever way that takes shape" is all she will say. "I still don't know what I'm capable of." □

ONE DIRECTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 221

have this sense of myself as a struggling filmmaker. I haven't quite accepted the fact that I'm not."

And has he accepted the idea that he might need to slow down? After all, he recently cut short his much talked-about long hair—previously seen in many permutations of man bun, ponytail, and, especially, braids. "It was time," he says simply.

As for his personal life, "My father wants grandchildren," he says with a laugh. "He thinks I should settle down. He thinks it would be good for me. I know I've been sowing my wild oats. But seeing what happened with my parents doesn't make me want to jump into a marriage until I feel absolutely certain. I do want kids and the whole *mishegoss*, but with filmmaking, when's that going to happen?"

A good question. He's already got *The Alienist* going. Plus he's slated to direct a film about Jadin Bell, whose 2013 suicide made him a poster boy for anti-gay bullying, and his father, Joe, who attempted a cross-country walk to raise awareness of the issue. Fukunaga is waiting on the script from Diana Ossana and Larry McMurtry, the team who wrote *Brokeback Mountain*.

"I think of all these early films as auditions," he says. "They're studies. I'm still

trying to master the craft. It's all preparation for something with epic sweep."

He's a man who keeps going forward.

"You have to look at Cary's driver's license," Taplin Lundberg told me at that cast-and-crew party, and one morning I ask if he will show it to me.

Although it looks at first like an ordinary New York license, the bottom right is dotted with icons. These are all his other licenses—motorcycle license, towing license, boating license, hunting license, bow-hunting license, even a fishing license.

"Are you a fisherman?" I ask.

"Not really."

"Then why the license?"

He gives me a little smile. "I might want to go fishing." □

TRAGIC MAGIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 222

really") and to look at what happens to a woman driven by desperation to behave like a caged animal.

"As an actor, she is so brave and fearless and precise and thorough, all of which you really need to be able to tackle a role of this size and severity and complexity," says Cabnet, who most recently directed the sensational *Gloria* Off-Broadway. "Keira has made Thérèse so deep and complex and multilayered that we really feel for her, even in perhaps ugly moments of the story. It's a piece of emotional magic."

"I get to inhabit this claustrophobic world and plumb the depths of human misery and depravity," Knightley says. "And then I emerge, and I've got the loveliest, loveliest little girl waiting for me, and I get home and she goes 'Ba!' at me. You couldn't ask for more."

Knightley may have arrived at a sweet spot in her life, but that doesn't mean it can't inform her art. "Sleep deprivation and hormones are quite an interesting thing as far as the female psyche goes," she admits. "And I can't say that I haven't used a bit of that deranged feeling to understand where Thérèse is coming from. Teething, colic, being up all night for the fifth night in a row—it's all fodder." □

THE SECOND ACT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 232

who just clocked in, it's a time to catch up and be social; for the cooks who have been prepping in the kitchen, it's a chance to squint at the daylight and check their phones. You can learn a lot about a restaurant at family meal, when everybody is at their most informal and communal and enjoying a moment of calm before the curtain goes up.

The family meal is usually pieced together with leftovers and served in the style of a dining hall. At some restaurants the food is fairly basic, pasta with

whatever is looking tired in the walk-in refrigerator. But at others, it reflects the creativity that courses through the kitchen. I wanted to see what family meal is at Mission Chinese Food in New York. The place started off as an offshoot of the insanely popular San Francisco original, a loud and crowded room where you stood in line to grab a table and order the kung pao pastrami and a beer, but when owner Danny Bowien relocated to East Broadway in lower Manhattan late last year, it evolved into a restaurant like no other. It still crackles with energy, but the restaurant has been transmuted into something more sophisticated and strange. It's as if a small Chinese banquet room were taken over by a gang of cooks who worked in the best kitchens in Tokyo and London and Mexico City, and who are intent on seducing you with food that's so counterintuitive that every delicious bite comes as a surprise.

I email executive chef Angela Dimayuga and invite myself over. She tells me to be there at 3:30 P.M. Family meal never starts late

You can still get the kung pao pastrami at Mission Chinese Food, but you can also order a fourteen-course tasting menu for \$99, an ambitious undertaking for both the diner and the kitchen that ends with a bartender wheeling over a cocktail cart and mixing a round of nightcaps tableside. One of the courses you'll be served is a "lettuce cup," which is beef tartare and miso-cured salmon roe hidden under a delicate stack of mint and shisho and little gem lettuce. "It's this baller lettuce cup, so every leaf has to be perfect," Dimayuga tells me. It sounds like a command. She has a bantamweight intensity, and the bearing of a person used to issuing orders that others hustle to follow. Bowien's name might be on the marquee, but Mission Chinese Food is Dimayuga's show.

Her standards are obsessively high. The lettuce leaves that haven't made the cut seem unblemished, but today they have been set aside for the staff and turned into a fines herbes salad that tastes young and fresh. There is also another salad of cucumbers and red onions, and a cabbage slaw, and a large bowl filled with what Dimayuga calls baba ghanoush. "When I'm not working I'll get this beautifully charred eggplant from a tacky Moroccan restaurant close to my house," Dimayuga says. She refined it for the restaurant, mashing charred eggplant with garlic confit and a fruity olive oil from Sicily so that it tastes bright and green and peppery. That eggplant is part of a dish called "steamed oat noodles" (which is topped with a savory granola she created with Bowien, a bizarre-sounding mash-up that is poetry on the plate), and a new batch is being prepared for the night's service. The eggplant we CONTINUED ON PAGE 260 are served is the "old" eggplant in the same way that the discounted platters you buy on the top floor of the Royal Copenhagen flagship store in Denmark are secondsthe flaws are so minor only a professional would know the difference.

The table is anchored by a tower of flatbreads blistered in the wood-burning oven and sprinkled with za'atar that Dimayuga keeps specifically for family meal. She adapted the recipe and technique from Chad Robertson of Tartine in San Francisco, and the flatbreads for the staff are made with dough from the previous day that had proofed for too long, deemed not ethereal enough for paying customers. Waiters and cooks tear into it, dipping pieces into the cultured butter, miso aioli, and chili oil set out in plastic mixing bowls. It is a meal made from castoffs, and if I could I would eat it every week.

Every once in a while family meal will benefit from a mistake in the kitchen: A catastrophe during dinner service can lay the foundation for a lovely meal the next day.

"Once we overcooked two beautiful ducks," Dimayuga tells me as we're finishing up. "They were kind of stringy, so we weren't going to serve them. They were, like, \$100 ducks. So we made tacos."

I would have made hash. \Box

BURN NOTICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 234

peroxide addicts by taking direct aim at the harm caused by oxidation. "We weren't going to stop bleaching," notes McKellar, who, along with Hills, formulated the

in this ISSUE

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diamond hinged bracelet

(\$32,000), interlocking

18Kgold-and-rosewood bangles (\$6,500), 18K-gold money clip, 18K-gold earrings with tsavorites and diamonds, 18K-gold ring, and sterling-silver desk puzzle. 162: Krewe du Optic 24K gold-plated sunglasses, \$220; kreweduoptic.com. Louis Vuitton travel trunk. price upon request; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. Beauty 172: Dress, \$900; acnestudios.com. Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun earrings, \$225; ben-amun .com. Manicure. Dawn Sterling for Dior Vernis. 174: Fallon bracelet, \$215; fallonjewelry.com. PATA 185: On Beth: Hermès jockey-silks jacket, \$7,000; Hermès boutiques. J. Brand pants, \$198; Barneys New York stores. Jil Sander boots, price upon request: Jil Sander. NYC: (212) 838-6100 for similar styles. On Milton: Hermès turtleneck. \$1.525: Hermès boutiques. Vince wool pants, \$295; vince.com. On Thompson: Equipment silk blouse, \$268; equipmentfr .com. A.P.C. wool tuxedo pants, \$325; apc.fr. Tabitha Simmons boots, \$995; Neiman Marcus stores. On Hassan: DKNY silk shirt (\$235) and wool pants (\$295): shirt at dknv .com, pants at select DKNY stores. Grenson shoes. \$470; grenson.co.uk. Casserole (\$250) and wine pitcher (\$175); (917) 946-3085.186: Jacket,

\$230; Nordstrom stores.

Alexander Wang T-shirt, \$80; Alexander Wang, NYC.

SHORE LEAVE 190-191: Knit dress and platform boots (priced upon request). On Brosnan: Overcoat, \$3,390; marcjacobs .com. Wigwam socks. \$13: wigwam.com.Vintage military boots, \$298; (212) 343-1225. **192:** Wigwam socks, \$13; wigwam.com. On Brosnan: Wool suit \$3,200; J. Mueser, NYC. Henley, price upon request; info@scoutoriginal.com for information. 194: Belt, price upon request; Barneys New York stores. Ribbed sweater, price upon request. Boots, \$135; drmartens.com. 195: On Brosnan: Shetland sweater. \$225; billskhakis.com. 196-197: Leather maxi coat, \$17,795. 198: Trousers; Céline, NYC; (212) 535-3703.199: Shearling coat \$7295 Brother Vellies hand-knit alpaca socks, \$240; (212) 480-8869. On Brosnan: J.Crew wool sweater, \$70; jcrew.com. Polo Ralph Lauren flannel trousers, \$350; select Ralph Lauren stores.

WHAT TO WEAR WHERE

200: Shirt, \$365: turnbullandasser.com. Earring, price upon request: select Miu Miu boutiques. Prada socks, \$80; select Prada boutiques. Shoes, price upon request; victoriabeckham.com.201: Rag & Bone leather skirt, \$1,295; Rag & Bone stores. Earring, price upon request; select Miu Miu boutiques. 202: Skirt (\$5,495) and

belt (\$350). 203: Coat, price upon request: Lanvin. NYC; (646) 439-0380. Top (\$1.650) and eelskin belt (\$550). Bag, \$1,790; select Miu Miu boutiques. Shoes, price upon request; select Prada boutiques. 204: Mink coat, \$47,000. Earring, price upon request: select Miu Miu boutiques. Bag, \$3,100; Dior boutiques. 205: Coat, \$7,850.206: Cotton coat; Céline, NYC; (212) 535-3703.207: Bag, \$3,295; Bally stores. In this story: manicure, Maki Sakamoto for Chanel Le Vernis.

REBEL WITH A CAUSE

208-209: On Jolie Pitt: Bodysuit, \$195; Wolford boutiques. Skirt, \$2,750; (800)845-6790.On Vivienne: Saint James top, \$75; Saint James, NYC. On Shiloh: GapKids shirt, \$30; gap.com. On Zahara: Crewcuts by J.Crew T-shirt, \$27; jcrew.com. 210-211: Satin-silk dress, \$1,750; Calvin Klein Collection, NYC. 212-213: On Jolie Pitt: Cashmere tank top (\$395) and cotton-andvelvet skirt (\$3,990); Lanvin, NYC. Tiffany & Co. 18K-gold chain necklace, \$19,000; tiffany.com. Céline chrysoprase pendant necklace, \$730; Céline, NYC; (212) 535-3703. Camilla Dietz Bergeron, Ltd., ring, \$2,250; cdbltd .com. 215: On Jolie Pitt: Satin-crepe slip dress, \$1,995; Donna Karan New York stores. On Maddox: Calvin Klein Underwear tank top, \$40 for three: calvinklein.com. 216-217: On Jolie Pitt:

Dress, price upon request; personalshopper@odlr .com for information. Leather belt, \$245; zanabayne.com. In this story: manicure, Emi Kudo fo Dior Vernis.

ONE DIRECTION

218-219: Wool suit, \$3.595: select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques.

TRAGIC MAGIC

222-223: Photographed at Soho Lofts. soholofts.nyc.

BURN NOTICE

234: Faux-fur coat. \$2,395; Moschino boutiques.

STEAL OF THE MONTH

236-237: Manicure, Emi Kudo for Dior Vernis.

NFW WAVE

238-239: On Jenner: Gypsy Sport sequined sport top (\$195) and leggings (\$245); gypsysportny.com. Alexander Wang boots, \$1,195; Alexander Wang, NYC. On Smith: Gypsy Sport puffer jacket (\$675), shirt (\$175), and harem pants (\$245); gypsysportny.com. Nike sneakers, \$140; nike com On Uribe: Gypsy Sport hoodie and harem pants; designer's own. CAT Footwear boots, price upon request; catfootwear.com. 240: On Arevalo: Cadet jacket (from designers' private collection) and aviator pants (\$258); pants at cadetusa.com. What Goes Around Comes Around vintage boots, \$198; (212) 343-1225.

260 VOGUE NOVEMBER 2015 VOGUE.COM nine-piece product range to boost catalase production—and enable their shared light-ening habit. "We had to create [something] that would allow us to look the way we wanted to," McKellar says.

And therein lies the existential issue at the heart of hair damage: For the most part, it is a direct result of the desire to transform oneself. Kim wanted to stand out. I wanted people to see me, not my hair. The real answer to rehabbing ravaged locks often comes down to changing up your mental mood board—accepting the

fact that detoxing the stuff on top of your head entails an overhaul of the gray matter inside of it. To do less physical harm, you've got to learn to love the idea of looking like yourself.

The Japanese term for that way of understanding beauty is *wabi-sabi*, and the tenets of that aesthetic include embracing asymmetry, asperity, and the inherent, organic qualities of an object. I'm taking a *wabi-sabi* approach to my hair these days. And I've got fashion on my side for now. A little offness is in: Model-of-the-moment

Frederikke Sofie is making a case for Botticelli curls haloed in flyaways, while Karly Loyce and Lineisy Montero are poster girls for au naturel. Sun causes damage. So does wind. Damage can be natural, too—and a little bit suits me. It's like the perfect fade on a pair of jeans. When I ask superstylist Orlando Pita to weigh in on feral manes like mine, he affirms my position. "You do want to look groomed, but the goal isn't to look polished," says Pita. "Perfect hair is boring," he points out. "And who wants to look boring?" \square

On Jenner: Cadet flight suit, \$698: cadetusa .com. Dr. Martens boots, \$125: drmartens.com. Hat and pins on flight suit from designers' private collection. On Jonas: Cadet iacket (\$698), cargo pants (\$298), shirt (\$198); cadetusa.com. What Goes Around Comes Around vintage boots, \$298; (212) 343-1225. On Schmidt: Cadet officer's shirt (\$168) and pants (\$176); cadetusa.com. What Goes Around Comes Around vintage boots, \$198; (212) 343-1225. 241: On Jenner: CG dress, \$2,200; Guerilla Atelier, L.A. American Apparel beret, \$24; american apparel .net. On Gelinas: Ovadia & Sons flannel suit jacket (\$1,295), pants (\$365), and shirt (\$175); jacket and pants at mrporter.com; shirt at ovadiaandsons .com. On O'Neil: Thaddeus O'Neil mesh top, \$575; thaddeusoneil.com.On Jenner: Thaddeus O'Neil cropped jacket (\$650). bikini top (\$175), and board shorts (\$350); thaddeusoneil.com. Me & Ro sterling silverand-turquoise necklace, \$2,500; meandrojewelry .com. Aurélie Bidermann resin shark teeth-andturquoise necklace, \$820; Aurélie Bidermann, NYC. Ted Muehling mussel-shell pendant necklace, \$650; tedmuehling.com.Chan Luu layering necklace, \$130; chanluu.com. 242: On Simkhai: Todd Snyder wool tuxedo jacket (\$1,425) and pants (\$425); toddsnyder .com. Ovadia & Sons shirt, \$175; ovadiaandsons .com. Rag & Bone tie, \$125; Rag & Bone, NYC; (212) 219-2204. Camille Tanoh shoes, \$250; camilletanoh .com. On Jenner: Jonathan Simkhai macramé dress, \$1,595; Neiman Marcus stores. On Hadid: Jonathan Simkhai macramé top (\$445) and skirt (\$1,195); Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Jimmy Choo sandals, \$1,150; select Jimmy Choo stores. 243: On Shamir: Ovadia & Sons gabardine suit, \$2,095; Barneys New York stores. Agnès B. Homme shirt, \$225; agnesb.com. Brother Vellies boots, \$365; brothervellies.com.On Jenner: Altuzarra beaded dress, \$6,695; Saks Fifth Avenue stores. Vicki Turbeville sterling silverand-turquoise earrings. \$275; vickiturbeville.com. Perez Sanz German silverand-resin bracelet (\$880)

and oval-resin bracelet (\$980): perezsanz .com. Brother Vellies beaded sandals. \$1.250: brothervellies.com. On James: Ryan Roche cashmere sweater, \$840; rvan-roche.com. Re/Done Levi's jeans, \$248; Barneys New York stores. Ryan Roche wool hat, \$450; ryan-roche.com. Vicki Turbeville earrings, \$375; vickiturbeville.com. Brother Vellies shoes. \$380: brothervellies.com. 244: On McCharen: Alexander Wang long-sleeved T-shirt, \$100; Alexander Wang, NYC. Chromat skirt, \$391; chromat.co. On Jenner: Chromat silver-plated copper dress, price upon request; chromat.co. On Tinashe: Chromat jacket (\$285), bustier (\$211), and neoprene pants (\$351); chromat.co. On Hart: David Hart wool cardigan (\$595) and shirt (\$245); davidhartnyc .com. On Jenner: David Hart tuxedo jacket (\$1,495), shirt (\$345), and trousers (\$545); davidhartnyc.com.On Waterhouse: David Hart wool suit (\$1,895) and silk shirt (\$895); davidhartnyc .com. 245: On Targon: Baja East cashmere sweater (\$995), T-shirt (\$225),

and shorts (\$1,795); baia-east.com. Nike sneakers, \$135; nike.com. On Studenberg: Baja East parka (\$3,295), cashmere sweater (\$995), suede shorts (\$1,895); baja-east .com. On Jenner: Baia East cashmere bodysuit (\$595), sweatpants (\$1,195), and beanie (\$295); bodysuit and sweatpants at baja-east .com; beanie at Maxfield, L.A. Roxanne Assoulin for Baja East bracelets, \$90 each; baja-east.com. 246-247: On Jenner: Baldwin sleeveless tunic dress (\$132) and denim skirt (\$198); baldwin.co. Perez Sanz German silver earrings, \$580; perezsanz .com. Jutta Neumann belt, \$200; jn-ny.com. Lucchese boots, \$895; lucchese .com. On Baldwin: Baldwin wool cardigan (\$249), shirt (\$165), and jeans (\$220); baldwin.co. Vans sneakers, \$45; vans.com. On Rivington: GapKids long-sleeved T-shirt, \$17; gap.com. Brigitte Katnig feather headdress, \$75; theworldoffeathers.com. On Henley: GapKids shirt, \$40; gap.com. On Rivington and Henley: Converse Chuck Taylor All Star sneakers, \$35:

converse.com. On Sudeikis:

Baldwin denim jacket (\$298), shirt (\$185), and jeans (\$308); baldwin .co. On Rogan: GapKids shirt, \$40; gap.com. Converse Chuck Taylor All Star sneakers, \$35; converse.com. In this story: manicure, Alicia Torello.

HOT HEAD

248: Glasses, \$360. 249: Coat, price upon request. 251: Hat; Lanvin, NYC; (646) 439-0380. Dress, Fendi, NYC; (212) 897-2244. Bag, \$1,275; Stella McCartney, NYC; (212) 255-1556. Tory Burch shoes, \$495; Tory Burch stores, 252: Silk tie, \$220; select Chanel boutiques. Belt, \$405; Isabel Marant, L.A. Shoes, \$570; church-footwear .com. 253: Shirt, price upon request. In this story: manicure, Rieko Okusa.

Index 254: 2. Neon artwork, price upon request. 4. Top, \$2,300. 5. 18K-gold earring with rhodolite and chromediopside. 256–257: 3. Chandelier, \$6,000. 7. Diamond watch, \$4,250. Last look 262: Boots; Hermès boutiques.

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Hermès boots, \$3,450

In the early 1900s, Hermès introduced a blue-and-red-striped horse blanket that eventually came to be known as the Rocabar after visiting Brits kept calling it a "rug à barres" (striped rug). Artistic director Nadège Vanhee-Cybulski and accessories maestro Pierre Hardy honored and updated the house's equine legacy by repurposing that iconic shawl as a boot, color-blocked in its original hues but modernized with easygoing, casual lines and a hip élan.

They're just the sort of thing we can see stirring up your stirrups—with equal chic—from barn to city block. □

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERIC BOMAN



